Vol 9 **The War Illustrated** N° 208

SIXPENCE — Edited by Sir John Hammerton — JUNE 8, 1945

ANGLO-RUSSIAN LINK-UP ON THE BALTIC COAST On May 2, 1945, British troops of the 6th Airborne Division made contact at Wismar, due north of Schwerin on Lubeck Bay, with a Russian armoured squadron which had swung 30 miles westwards from Rostock, hastening the final debacle on Germany's fast-crumbling northern front when escape routes into Denmark had been all but cut off. The following day the port of Travemunde fell to the British 11th Armoured Division. *Photo, British Official*

Last Stages of the Japanese Retreat in Burma

RANGOON, famed capital of Burma, was swiftly entered from the sea by troops of the 15th Indian Corps, supported by ships of the East Indies Fleet, on May 3, 1945. Priest guns of the 14th Army (1), advancing on the capital from the north, blazed into action against a Japanese stronghold. On the day Rangoon fell Prome (see map) was captured, thus cutting the only escape route left for the enemy in the Arakan and west of the Irrawaddy: natives turned out to welcome their liberators (2).

Hampered by mines, demolitions and heavy rains, men of the East Yorkshire Regiment in full kit (3) entered Rangoon from the north. Allied heavy bombers and fighter-bombers cleared the way to the capital for troops landing by sea and air on the banks of the Rangoon River. See also story in page 91.

Photos, British Official. Map by courtesy of The Daily Mail

THE BATTLE FRONTS

by Maj.-Gen. Sir Charles Gwynn, K.C.B., D.S.O.

VICTORY over Germany has been as complete and satisfying as anyone could wish, although it leaves innumerable political problems to be settled. Among other things it is necessary to bring conviction and genuine admission of defeat home to the mass of the German people, and more especially to the German Army. One might imagine that an army that has been driven out of positions of immense strategical and tactical strength and has surrendered by the million would be prepared to admit defeat, but already there are unmistakable signs that the myth that the German Army was undefeated and will always be invincible may again be accepted by an amazingly gullible people. Naturally, excuses have to be found to account for the situation in which Germany finds herself.

Hitler is marked down as an obvious scapegoat, but what may be more dangerous is the assertion by German generals that Allied air superiority was the sole cause that prevented Germany maintaining the struggle. That the Russian Army time and again defeated the bulk of the German Army without air superiority, and even when air superiority lay with the defeated side, is conveniently forgotten, as are also defeats suffered when weather conditions deprived both sides of air support. No one in his senses would seek to deny the immense contribution air power, both over sea and land, made to victory, especially in the final stages of the war. But the danger of accepting the German thesis is that the belief may be engendered that air power alone can achieve decisive victory.

RUSSIAN Army's Advance Deprived Germany of Natural Oil Supply

Nothing should shake us from the true belief that victory depended on the harmonious co-operation and co-ordination of all the elements of military power, of which air power has obviously become a vitally important one. Nevertheless, nothing can alter the fact that, for a country separated by the sea from its potential enemies, the foundation of military action, especially offensive action, must always be sea power, however much aircraft are developed as weapons in the armoury of sea power. Without control of sea communications neither air nor land power can be sustained or brought into full offensive action.

Land power is required to secure bases needed for the full exploitation of both sea and air power, and its action when fully developed, more than any other form of force, compels the enemy to develop and expend his military resources; thereby, among other things, forcing him to present vulnerable and vital targets to air attack. Land forces, moreover, alone can occupy enemy territory and deprive him permanently of the sources of his military strength. For instance, in the war just ended it was the Russian Army's advance that deprived Germany of her sources of natural oil supply and compelled Germany to expand her synthetic oil industry, which in turn presented targets to air power far more vulnerable and accessible than natural oil sources.

INCIDENTALLY, it may be noted that it was the advance of the Allied Armies that so narrowed the area in which the German Armies operated, and from which they drew their resources, that air power could be concentrated with devastating effect. While, therefore, although a headline proclaiming that "without air mastery there could have been no victory" is undoubtedly true, yet "sea mastery" or "land mastery" might have been substituted with equal truth. That mastery in not one of these three elements could have been secured without the assistance of Allies and without the full co-operation of all three fighting Services and the exertions of the civil population, is the undoubted fact that all of us, and more especially our political leaders, should bear in mind in this hour of victory.

JAPAN How are such considerations applicable to our war with Japan, a country protected by immense spaces of sea, and which, though having possessed in the earlier stages of the war a strong navy and air force, ultimately has been forced to rely mainly on her great army? The conditions of the war are obviously very different from those in the war with Germany, but there are points of resemblance, and now that the initial stages of the Allied counter-offensive have been carried through with such unexpected speed and success the points of resemblance become more apparent. In particular, we are faced with the problem of defeating Japan's army or of capturing or destroying the sources from which it draws its warlike supplies.

THE question arises now that sea power, using its air weapon, has secured control of sea communications, and land forces, in limited strength, have secured bases from which sea and air power can effectively operate, whether air power will be able alone to achieve decisive victory. So far, success has evidently been attained by the close co-operation of the three forms of power, although air power has perhaps made its greatest contribution as a weapon of sea power rather than in an independent role. Sea power has certainly been by now firmly established as the foundation of victory, and air power is evidently well on the way to have the bases from which it can fully develop its effectiveness. It remains to be seen, however, whether its destructive action combined with control of sea communications will reduce the Japanese Army to an impotent mass, or whether land power in strength will have to be summoned in order to compel Japan to expend her reserve resources and to deprive her of areas in which she can maintain the struggle.

Land power has been employed with remarkable success in co-operation with air power in the Philippines, in New Guinea and in Burma, but it has not yet come to grips with the main forces of Japan, in China and in her Home islands, or with the large detachments occupying the Netherlands East Indies islands. Is it possible that air action alone directed against the Home islands will force all that mass of power to surrender unconditionally under the orders of, or due to the breakdown of, the Central Government; and that land power will not have to be employed to the full to secure victory?

IT would seem that in this case the Japanese Central Government, unlike the Nazi regime, might lose its will to continue resistance under the full weight of air attack; but can we assume that the Army leaders, as in Germany, will acknowledge that the war is lost and consent to surrender? In the case of Germany our fears were that the war might be prolonged by the fanaticism of the Central Government in power; but in the case of Japan the prolongation of the war in face of obvious defeat might depend on the fanaticism of the Army and its leaders. We have seen that fanaticism displayed time and again in the suicidal resistance of isolated detachments, but does any Westerner understand Japanese mentality sufficiently to say with confidence what is the basis of that fanaticism? Is it ultimately based on the deification of the Emperor and a willingness to obey what are believed to be his orders, or is it based on a belief in the supernatural status of the Japanese people?

AT KIEL GERMAN PRISONERS DISEMBARKED from two German destroyers which had brought them there after the unconditional surrender. Royal Navy forces, travelling overland from Ostend, took over the famous port and dockyard, where they found the 8-in.-gun cruiser Admiral Hipper and the 6-in.-gun cruiser Emden, both beached, 11 destroyers, and 12 U-boats scuttled. (See also illus. in page 73.)
Photo, British Official

Assuming, as seems possible, that the Central Government induced the Emperor to sanction surrender, as they induced him to sanction the war, would the Japanese Army obey orders or would it still retain the fanatical spirit it has so often displayed? Japan has already lost the war almost as conclusively as Germany lost it when the landing in Normandy was successful, but her isolated detachments have shown what fanatical resistance can achieve. China also has shown what can be achieved by forces cut off from sources of warlike supplies. However great our air superiority may become, will it not still be necessary to call on our armies in strength to finish the business?

THE outlook is certainly far from clear. Personally, I believe that the Japanese Government under air attack may realize the hopelessness of their position and agree to unconditional surrender. But I am far from confident that the Japanese Army is as yet in a condition to accept defeat. Too large a part of it has as yet not experienced a reverse of any sort. The danger of prolonged sporadic and unauthorized resistance is therefore much greater than it was in Germany.

STUPENDOUS PROBLEM OF THE PRISONERS, their provisioning and employment demanding all the Allies' ingenuity to solve, is exemplified by this vast P.O.W. camp near Hamburg after the city's surrender on May 3, 1945. So anxious were German troops to get out of the war that they streamed into this and other "cages" on lorries, tractors and ambulances (driven by themselves), on bicycles and afoot. It was estimated that between D-Day 1944 and May 6, 1945, well over 4,000,000 were taken on the Western Front alone. It was announced from Paris on May 13 that 30,000 were to work in the French mines, another 100,000 were to be employed on heavy repairs. Up to mid-May about 50,000 German prisoners were employed in Britain, mainly on agricultural work. *Photo, British Official*

ALONG the CROWDED ROADS of WAR

Last Impressions of My Visit to the Western Front

by Captain NORMAN MACMILLAN, M.C., A.F.C.

IN this, the last article of this series, I will describe briefly some of the many things I saw for which there is no space to give a full description. Follow me in imagination on long journeys across Germany, Holland, Belgium and France, along the crowded roads.

One of the few forward cemeteries I saw was just outside Nijmegen, beside a country lane bordered with elms, whose sandy surface led to the gated entrance to a wood: a quiet spot. Six graves were in a single row in a wired-off rectangle of ground. A large central cross stood higher than the humbler wooden crosses that marked the burial place of each man. I noted the names. Almost all were of men of different regiments. If any of their relatives should read these lines, they may be glad to know that the cemetery was well kept. These were the inscriptions on the crosses:

5506369 Pte. Pease, E. A., The Hampshire Regt.
4862780 Pte. Mellors, W., Leicester Regt. 11/10/44.
5504337 Pte. Newton, S. N., The Hampshire Regt. 11/10/44.
6406521 L/Cpl. Ashdown, H., C.M. Police. K/A. 12 Oct., 1944.
1231054 W/O Wilks, R.A.F., 11/10/44.
1144509 Gnr. Oades, F. Born Sept. 10, 1920. Killed in Action, 25 Oct., 1944. C. of E.

A long column of German prisoners of war trudged along a lane, their boots squelching in the mud. There were about a thousand of these disconsolate-looking men in mud-bedrabbled greatcoats and uniforms, their windy pride deflated, their future dim, but not, like that of some of their foes and comrades, extinguished. We drove on to visit an Army Air Observation Post. Here half the personnel were Army and half R.A.F. The soldiers ran the transport, the R.A.F. flight mechanics serviced the Auster aeroplanes. The squadron had 19 officers and 16 aeroplanes. All the pilots were gunner officers. Their Austers were unarmed. They generally flew between 800 and 4,000 feet, and came down to land if they saw enemy aircraft below 10,000 feet. They relied on the R.A.F. fighter screen shooting the enemy out of the sky. Flak was another matter.

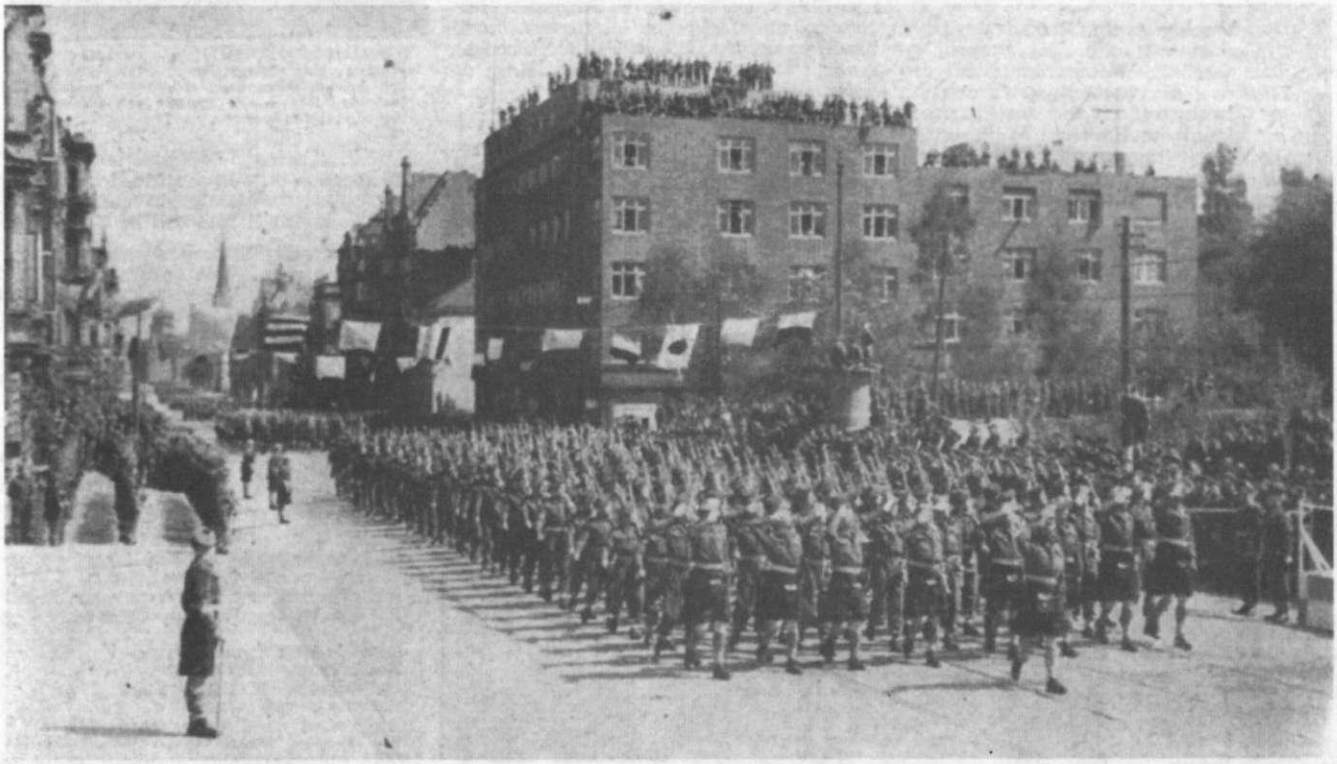
The Auster is simply an elevated artillery observation post from which the plan view of the target enlarged the vision obtainable by the surface forward observation officers. Sometimes the air view is superior to the ground view, sometimes it is the other way about, and sometimes the air view is the only one. Both views are needed for modern artillery fire, and both posts must be manned by gunner-officers. The Austers carry radio telephones, and cameras when tactical photographs are required.

Dead Were Used to Kill the Living

The day before my visit five Messerschmitt 109s swooped down on this airfield and shot up a visiting Auster that was about to alight. The pilot was killed. In the plane were Major J. R. E. Harden and Captain D. C. M. Mather. The pilot fell over the controls. Mather was wounded. Harden had never piloted a plane, but he leant forward, pulled the pilot's body away from the controls, seized the stick and got down without a catastrophic crash, in which he received slight head injuries and Mather broke an arm.

A few dead Germans lay huddled in slit trenches concealed between the houses of Riethorst village, untouched because their bodies had not been examined for booby traps. An ugly war in which the dead were used to kill the living! The village street was strewn with rubble and rubbish of all kinds. A petrol pump lay on its side. A private motor-car lay upside down upon a bank beside the Bondshotel. German hand grenades still lay about the slit trenches. A dead German soldier lay in the gutter like a dead dog. More corpses lay in the fields, which were not yet cleared of mines; one British soldier was blown up and badly wounded when crossing over to two German soldiers' bodies. About 50 Germans still held out in a factory behind us to the right. Ahead they were in strength. Somewhere in between there was an indeterminate line.

THE retreating enemy blew up the bridge across the stream at the end of the village. During the night the Royal Engineers were unable to build a new bridge because of snipers. When daylight came the snipers were dealt with. A wooden bridge was built and single line traffic got across. They were now making a wider and stronger crossing. They had laid a corrugated iron culvert in the stream bed beside the bridge to carry the water. Bulldozers were nosing it over, with soil and the rubble of demolished buildings, to make a road. When that was done the bridge would come down, for use elsewhere, and that part of the stream be similarly treated to widen the road. It was dangerous work; three engineers were killed by mines while building the bridge. But no British casualties were to be seen. All had been borne back. Only the booby-trapped Germans lay about, and they, too, would soon be removed beyond sight if not memory.



CEREMONIAL VICTORY PARADE IN OCCUPIED GERMANY was held at Bremerhaven—the port of Bremen—on May 13, 1945, when men of the 51st Highland Division marched through the streets with skirling pipes. Lieut.-Gen. B. G. Horrocks, C.B., D.S.O., M.C., Commander of the 30th Corps, took the salute. Wearing the kilt of his old regiment, the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, Major-Gen. G. H. A. MacMillan, C.B., D.S.O., M.C., the Divisional Commander, led the march past. German civilians were confined to their houses during the parade. PAGE 69 *Photo, British Newspaper Pool*

A dog platoon cleared the mines at Riethorst. They had been trained at the Dog School, north of London, after having been given to the Service by their owners. The dogs were in the charge of Sappers dressed in anti-gas coat, rubber boots and steel helmet. Those I met were gamekeepers in civil life.

LADDIE was worked by Sapper Wilfred Crick of Cambridgeshire, keeper to the late Earl of Ellesmere; he had transferred to this job from the Ack-Ack. Bruce jumped up excitedly at Sapper Robert Coote, another Cambridgeshire gamekeeper, who had a tin mug tied to his belt with enticing pieces of dog food to be given as reward for good work. Evidently Bruce thought he had done good work already. In charge of the platoon of dogs was Sergeant Terence Maguire, who was a coal miner in County Durham before war turned him into a sapper.

Roads or tracks cleared of mines were marked out with white tape—which probably explains the British housewife's shortage of this material. While the dogs worked eastwards, in Riethorst were notices: ROAD VERGES NOT CLEARED OF MINES, and outside the houses were other placards: HOUSES NOT CLEARED OF BOOBY TRAPS. But due to the skill of both men and dogs there have been comparatively few casualties in the dog platoons.

In Holland and Belgium I frequently found myself in flying bomb alleys. Frequency varied. Some days there were many, other days few bombs. Sometimes they came over at the rate of about six an hour. Their height seemed to vary between 1,200 and 3,000 feet. I also spent some time at various receiving ends, where I found that the use of V1 and V2 weapons against the Allies on the Continent was almost inconsequential in its effect upon the military effort. It did not hold up the work of the great port of Antwerp, where I saw many ships discharging their military cargoes, although it drove many of the civilian inhabitants out of the city and caused superficial damage to housing, and here and there destruction.

ANTWERP was as quiet as Brussels was busy. If, as at least once did happen, an oil store was hit, Messerschmitt 262 jet-planes flew over and photographed the result; but the quantity of oil lost was so small that no hold-up was involved in the supply of either road transport or high octane aviation petrol. If, occasionally, billets were hit, other billets could be found. The V-weapons were, at their then stage of development, merely a nuisance.

Ack-Ack batteries were stationed on the line of flight of the flying bombs and brought down not a few of them. On a dripping wet

IDENTIFICATION TELESCOPE being operated at night by A.T.S. girls of No. 484 Battery, his visit to which Captain Norman Macmillan describes below. *Photo, British Official*

Flanders day I visited No. 484 Battery. Regimental H.Q. Mess was in the château of a Belgian baron, whose rooms had old wood panelling and massive Flemish furniture. Senior Commander Elizabeth Elwes, second cousin of Simon Elwes, the portrait painter, greeted us, and we drove over to a gunsite, where slippery duckboards kept one's feet off the muddy soil. Four 3·7-in. guns sited in the field were shrouded in waterproof covers. Nearer were the predictor, radiolocation posts, and Nissen huts.

THIS was the first mixed battery to cross the Channel. There were 500 men and 800 girls in the regiment. There were 70 men and 120 girls in a section. The section I met was commanded by Captain L. Povey, who was a Mayfair ladies' hairdresser before the war. With a charming smile he said he thought that was why he could handle the girls so well. It certainly seemed a happy unit. The A.T.S. did 24 hours on duty and 24 hours off. They were divided into four sections, one section manning, one on relief, one in bed, and one on fatigues and daily leave. Men manned the guns, the girls the predictor and signals. They had then shot down 19 flying bombs in Belgium. They classified their results as Category A, bomb blown up in flight; Category B, bomb brought down. "Smack on" was their slang for a direct hit.

The manning hut was made locally as an annexe to the Nissen control-room. Within it there were a round iron stove, eight beds, washstand, looking-glass, chairs—primitive but liveable. There was a constant supply of hot water from a tank heated by the exhaust pipe of the generator. Subalterns Jean Vernon and Susan Inglis told me they did one night's duty in every four. There were organized parties, and dances four to five miles away. They could get into Brussels by tram in slightly under two hours, and got 48 hours leave every month. But officers had to go alone, whereas the other ranks went sociably in parties of six. When the non-commissioned girls arrived in Brussels they went to the Montgomery Club for a hair-set, manicure and lunch; then they would go on to a cinema and the Montgomery or A.E.F. Club for tea-dance; and in the evening find excellent entertainment at an E.N.S.A. theatre or the 21 Club.

IN the manning hut, Corporal Dorothy Strain, of Chorley, said it was "a bit lonely when there were no doodle-bugs around." Some of the girls wrote letters, some read, others talked, one brushed her long blonde hair before the glass. They were happy in spite of the depressing weather, and the inelegant hut which was like a contractor's workmen's shed. Cheerfullest among them was L/Cpl. Margery Cloud, nicknamed "Sunshine." Dancing, oh yes, there were weekly dances at a café; "rat racing" they called it. Each girl could get two bottles of beer a month, but very few used it. Cosmetics were scarce; the Mess notice read, "Month's Allocation: strict rota will be drawn for."

"THUMBS UP" SIGNAL to passers-by was given by this electrically-operated sign of the 6th British Armoured Division's mailed fist insignia, which our troops set up on the Austro-Italian border. *Photo, British Official*

They were against conscription for girls for overseas service. "We volunteered, and we can rough it," they said. "But a girl should not be forced to come out here and rough it like this if she does not want to." Suddenly the siren sounded; instantly the girls were off at the double to their action stations, in the rain, out in the muddy field, or in the control-room—without fuss or excitement.

THE girls of this battery composed their own songs. And here are verses from two of them:

Oh! Merry oh! Merry oh! merry are we.
We are the girls of the Artillery;
Sing high, sing low, wherever you go,
The girls of the Ack-Ack they never say no.

Down in buzz bomb alley,
You'll find us every night,
Shooting down the buzz bombs
Is surely our delight.
Every night you'll find us standing there,
We curse and swear: but we don't care.
Down in buzz bomb alley, the Gunner's Paradise.

They were first-class soldiers, those Ack-Ack girls; but they were neither toughened nor roughened by their work for the Army.

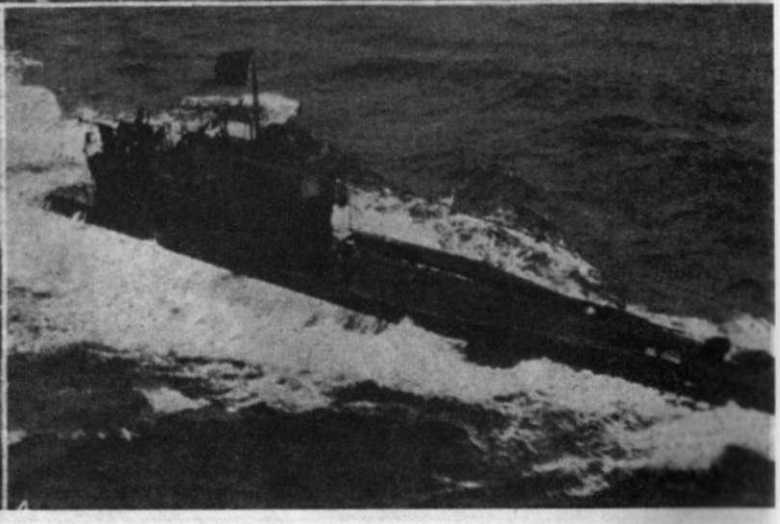
RUSSIAN GUARD OF HONOUR was inspected by General Sir Miles Dempsey, British 2nd Army Commander (left), accompanied by General Grishin, commanding the 49th Russian Army, when by invitation of the Soviet general he visited the Red Army lines in May 1945, at the ancient town of Parchim in Mecklenburg. *Photo, British Official*

Germany's Biggest Port Under New Management

HAMBURG'S FIRST ALLIED-CONTROLLED NEWSPAPER, the Hamburger Nachrichten-Blatt, printed under the direction of the Allied Military Government, was anxiously read by German troops and civilians (1): "The War is Finished!" proclaimed its headlines. Hamburg surrendered to General Dempsey's British 2nd Army on May 3, 1945: British armour parked outside the Rathaus (2). The vast dock area, so frequently a target for the R.A.F., seen rom the air after the city's capitulation (3).

Photos, British Official, New York Times Photo

In Ignoble Surrender their Evil Mission Ends



TWO E-BOATS PUT INTO FELIXSTOWE HARBOUR (1) on May 13, 1945, bringing the E-boat fleet commander, Admi. F. Bruening. First U-boat to give itself up, under the terms of surrender, was U 249; She arrived in Weymouth Bay on May 10, the crew lining the deck (2) and guarded by Polish naval ratings. Her commander, Ober-Lieut. Kock (3, right) took his orders from Cmdr. N. J. Weir, R.N. (3, left). Flying the black flag, another was sighted from the air off the north-west coast of Scotland.

Photos, British Official, G.P.U. Inland News

THE WAR AT SEA

by Francis E. McMurtrie

To judge from the particulars so far published of those that have been surrendered at British and American ports, the majority of the U-boats at sea when war with Germany ended were of fairly recent construction. Probably a high proportion of the older submarines were either destroyed or relegated to training duties. From the fact that nearly 70 are reported to have been operating in the Atlantic at the cessation of hostilities, it may be inferred that perhaps 150 more may have been at various bases, undergoing minor refits or waiting to relieve those at sea. As a rule, not more than one-third of the total of immediately available submarines would be actively employed at one time.

Though a full list of numbers is not yet available, the following are reported to have been handed over: U 236, 249, 293, 485, 532, 541, 776, 802, 805, 825, 826, 858, 889, 956, 1005, 1009, 1010, 1023, 1058, 1105, 1109, 1231, 1305. The majority of them are of the 500-ton design, but several are of 740 tons, and one or two are understood to be of the 1,600-ton supply type. A coastal submarine of 250 tons which arrived at Dundee is said to have been numbered U 2326, but this may prove to be another version of U 236.

HOW the Surrendered U-Boats Are Likely to be Disposed Of

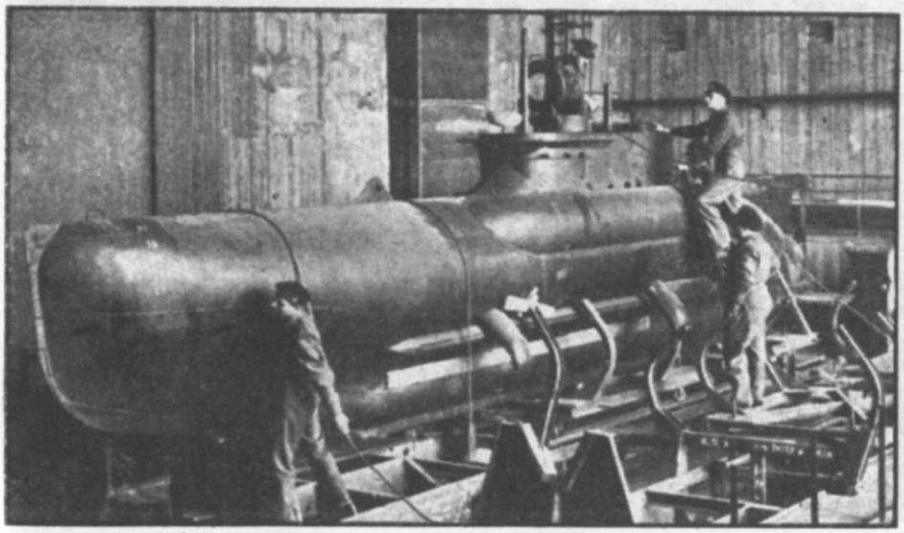
In German harbours and in the ports of France and Norway which had been occupied by the enemy large numbers of U-boats were found. In some cases these were either incomplete or scuttled, but it seems likely that the total is not less than 200. What is to become of them all? Probably the precedent of the First Great War will be followed, and the majority broken up or used for targets or other experimental purposes. Some may be given to France and other Allied countries to replace losses, as was done in 1919.

Reports have also been received of most of the surviving surface ships of importance. In Kiel are the damaged cruisers Admiral Hipper and Emden, both beached, with 11 destroyers. The cruisers Prinz Eugen and Nürnberg, with three destroyers and two torpedo boats, were captured at Copenhagen, undamaged. The cruiser Köln is lying in Wilhelmshaven, sunk in shallow water, together with a single torpedo boat. Another cruiser, the Leipzig, is at the Danish port of Aabenraa, disabled.

Several ships were found in ports taken by the Russians, but all were either sunk or wrecked. They include the cruiser Seydlitz, at Königsberg; the battleship Gneisenau and coast defence ship Schleswig-Holstein, at Gdynia; the incomplete aircraft carrier Graf Zeppelin, at Stettin; and the "pocket battleship" Lützow and coast defence ship Schlesien at Swinemünde. At various other ports occupied by the Allies are 19 more destroyers and torpedo boats, with some 1,200 smaller craft, such as motor torpedo boats, escort vessels, landing craft, trawlers, and minesweepers of various classes.

THUS the German Navy has ceased to exist, save for such stray U-boats as have still to surrender; these will probably have come in by the time this is printed. This time it is to be hoped that the Germans will not be allowed to retain a single ship capable of being used for warlike purposes. In 1919, it will be remembered, they kept a certain number of their older and smaller ships, which were used as a nucleus for building up a fresh fleet, and for training large numbers of recruits who ultimately manned that fleet.

It has been suggested in Merchant Navy circles that the German mercantile flag should be banished from the seas, in view of the many breaches of the laws of humanity committed by U-boats in this war and the last. It is advocated that for this purpose Germany should be deprived of the whole of her seaboard. Ports could be administered for the time being by an international commission, but ultimately they could be given to the neighbouring countries which the Germans have despoiled and maltreated. Hamburg, Bremen, Cuxhaven, Bremerhaven, Wilhelmshaven and Emden might be offered to the Dutch; Brünsbüttel, Kiel and Lübeck to the Danes; and Rostock, Sassnitz, Stralsund, Swinemünde, Stettin and Danzig to the Poles. In any case, it may be assumed that Schleswig-Holstein, which formed part of the kingdom of Denmark before the Germans appropriated it in 1866, will revert to its former ownership; and it has been long understood that Poland is to be compensated for her lost territory farther East by the cession of most of Pomerania.



TWO-MAN MIDGET U-BOAT was inspected by British experts in its assembly shelter. This prefabricated type has an overall length of 39 ft. and a displacement of 16 tons, with approximate endurance of 275 miles at 8 knots surfaced, plus about 50 miles at 3 knots submerged. Eighty-one midget U-boats were sunk, probably sunk, or captured. *Photo, British Official*

GERMAN ADMIRALS Von Friedeburg and Kummetz, leaving the British flagship after calling on Rear-Admiral Baillie-Grohman, R.N., who commanded the British ships at Kiel. The Royal Marine sentry was not impressed. *Photo, British Official*

Those who object that such transfers of territory would involve the migration of the coastal population may be reminded that the Germans did not hesitate to transfer people from occupied areas in Poland and Russia without notice or consideration. There is a great deal to be said for making the punishment fit the crime, though it may not always be possible to work on this principle.

JAPANESE Suicide Attacks Made Against British Pacific Fleet

In the Far East, the Japanese are still resisting fiercely in Okinawa, though a desperate counter-attack was broken after 12 hours' hard fighting, in which every man who could hold a weapon, including many auxiliary troops such as cooks, bakers, and so on, was thrown into the struggle on the American side. Up to May 14 the U.S casualties in this island totalled 20,950. Those of the enemy, so far as could be ascertained, were 47,543.

The task of the British Pacific Fleet has been to smother Japanese intervention by aircraft from fields in Formosa and the Sakishima group, lying between that island and Okinawa. Tons of bombs have been dropped by aircraft from British carriers on Miyako and Isigaki, two islands from which enemy planes were suspected to be coming. In the course of these operations a number of suicide attacks were made upon our warships, seven of which were actually struck by aircraft carrying 500 or 1,000-lb. bombs, deliberately crash-dived on to their decks. Casualties were caused and fires started, but not a single ship was out of action for more than a couple of days.

JAPAN'S impotence at sea enabled British troops to be landed without interference in the neighbourhood of Rangoon. Unfortunately the monsoon breaks this month, and the consequent deterioration in the weather may slow up further amphibious operations in this region for some time. Otherwise there is no doubt that it would be possible to effect landings on the narrow part of the Malay Peninsula, south of the Isthmus of Kra, so as to cut off land communication with the Japanese in Singapore.

Command of the sea has also facilitated the landing of Australian and Dutch forces at Tarakan, off north-east Borneo. Here opposition has been far lighter than in Okinawa, the garrison retreating to the hills and abandoning the port to the invaders. The importance of this place lies in its oil production. Allied ships will soon be able to fuel at Tarakan, as the installations are reported to be capable of being restored to working order in a short time.

Royal Navy and Airborne Men Shared Honours—

FIRST TROOPS TO ENTER FREED DENMARK were men of a South Lancashire parachute battalion escorting the SHAEF military mission on May 6, 1945; on the Kastrup aerodrome at Copenhagen crowds cheered them from their Dakotas (1). Two days later King Christian and Queen Alexandrine (2) drove through the capital to open the first Riksdag (State Parliament) since the Nazi Occupation in 1940. British cruisers Birmingham, nearer to camera, and Dido berthed at Copenhagen received a tumultuous welcome (3).

Photos, British Official, Sport & General

—With Monty Riding in Triumph in Copenhagen

AT THE INVITATION OF DENMARK'S LEADERS, Field-Marshal Montgomery visited Copenhagen on May 12, 1945, and drove along a six-mile route of cheering citizens. He was received at the aerodrome by the Danish Cabinet, headed by the Premier, Hr. Buhl, who expressed to the British Field-Marshal the Danish people's gratitude. Later, Monty lunched with King Christian and Queen Alexandrine at Amalienborg Castle, where he was invested with the Grand Cross of the Order of Dannebrog with Diamond Star.

Photo, Associated Press

Our Sky-Men of Arnhem Take Over in Norway

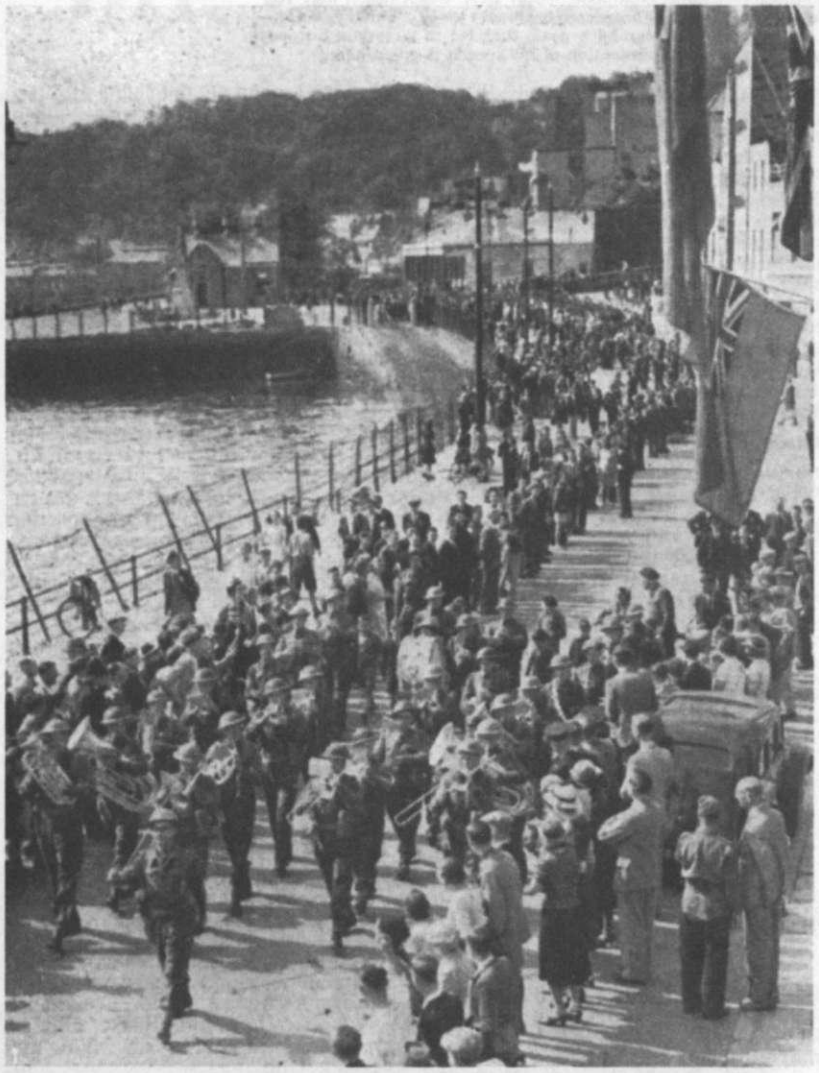
FLOWN FROM ENGLAND by R.A.F. Transport Command, airborne veterans of Arnhem, together with 140 Norwegian parachute troops, arrived in Norway on May 11, 1945, as vanguard of the Allied liberation forces. Headed by a piper (1) they left their Wellington aircraft on Gardemoen Aerodrome for Oslo. Their duties included supervising the withdrawal of 400,000 German service personnel to reservation areas. At Oslo they were given a tremendous reception when, headed by their Norwegian comrades-in-arms, they marched through the Karl-johansgaten, the capital's main thoroughfare (2), on their way to a parade at the town hall.

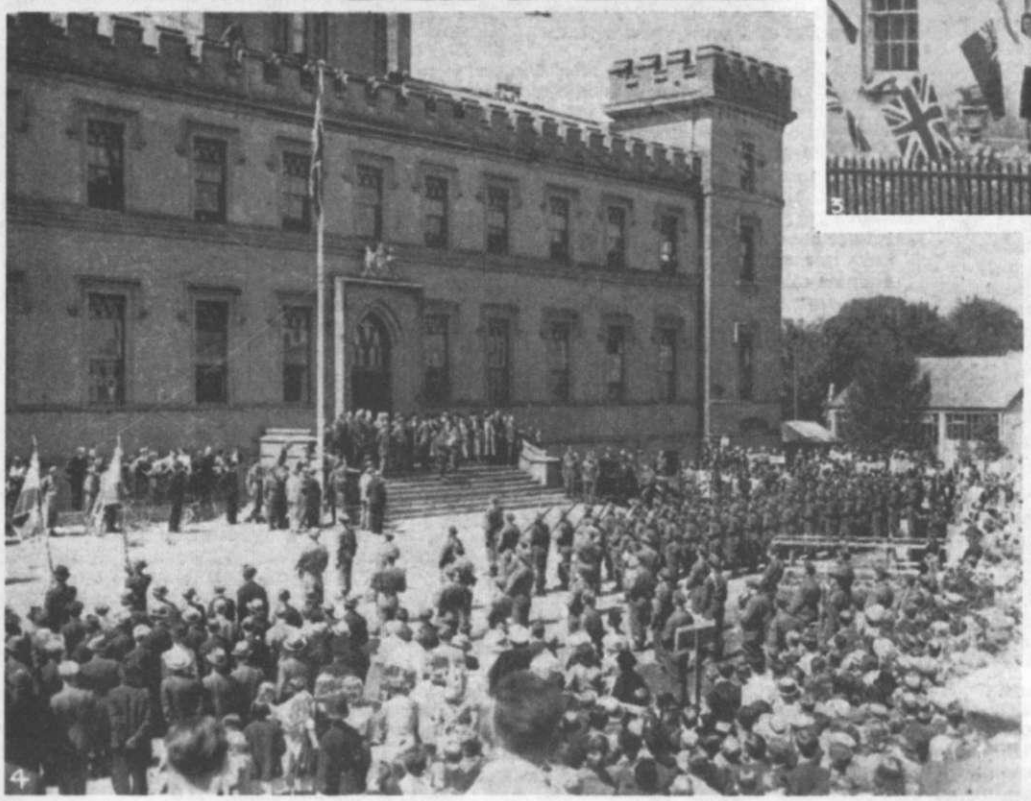
Four days later the Crown Prince Olaf, in British battle-dress, arrived from England in a Royal Navy destroyer; two small Norwegian girls broke from the crowds to greet him as he left the quayside at Oslo (3). He was welcomed by Maj.-Gen. R. Urquhart, commanding the 1st Airborne Division.

General Boehme, the German C.-in-C. in Norway, broadcast the "cease fire" to his troops on May 7. After five years, the Occupation was ended: Norway was free.

Photos, British Official, Sport & General

Hun Bonds Struck From the Channel Islands





BRITISH FLAGS FLYING from their houses, the people of Guernsey turned out to welcome the band of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry as it marched along the esplanade after the liberation of the Channel Islands (1). Admiral Huffmeier, German C.-in-C. in the Islands, followed by his diminutive aide-de-camp (2), strutted from his former H.Q. after he had surrendered the island, with its garrison of 10,000, to a token force of 22 men of the Royal Artillery on May 9, 1945.

Ever since the Occupation in June 1940, the Islanders had concealed British flags in anticipation of liberty celebrations; when the great day dawned they displayed them lavishly, as did this cheering Guernsey housewife (3). On the steps of Elizabeth College, Guernsey (used by the Germans as their administrative H.Q.), crowds listened to Brigadier A. E. Snow, R.A., commander of the relief forces (4), reading the King's Proclamation on May 12. That same day a convoy unloaded 2,000 tons of foodstuffs. See also page 622, Vol. 8.

Photos, British Official, British Newspaper Pool, G.P.U.

Mr. Churchill Retreads the Path to Victory

To mark his five years as Prime Minister—he was commissioned by H.M. the King on May 10, 1940, to form a National Government—Mr. Churchill broadcast on May 13, 1945 ten days before his resignation), a stirring review of the achievements and ordeals that led to victory in Europe and pointed to great tasks lying ahead. A condensation of his speech is given here.

FOR a while our prime enemy, our mighty enemy, Germany, overran almost all Europe. For ourselves, the British Commonwealth and Empire, we were absolutely alone. In July, August and September, 1940, 40 or 50 squadrons of British fighter aircraft broke the teeth of the German air fleet at odds of seven or eight to one in the Battle of Britain. Never before in the history of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few. I was never one to believe that the invasion of Britain would be an easy task. With the autumn storms, the immediate danger of invasion in 1940 had passed.

Then began the blitz, when Hitler said he would rub out our cities. This was borne without a word of complaint or the slightest signs of flinching, while a very large number of people—honour to them all—proved that London could take it, and so could the other ravaged centres.

But the dawn of 1941 revealed us still in jeopardy. The sense of envelopment, which might at any moment turn to strangulation, lay heavy upon us. We had only the north-western approach between Ulster and Scotland through which to bring in the means of life and send out the forces of war. Owing to the action of Mr. de Valera, so much at variance with the temper and instinct of thousands of Southern Irishmen who hastened to the battlefront to prove their ancient valour, the approaches which the Southern Irish ports and airfields could so easily have guarded were closed by the hostile aircraft and U-boats.

These Kept the Life-line Open

This was indeed a deadly moment in our life, and if it had not been for the loyalty and friendship of Northern Ireland, we should have been forced to come to close quarters with Mr. de Valera or perish for ever from the earth. However, with a restraint and poise to which I venture to say history will find few parallels, we never laid a hand upon them.

We will not forget the devotion of our merchant seamen, the vast inventive, adaptive, all-embracing and, in the end, all-controlling power of the Royal Navy, with its ever more potent ally, the air, which have kept the life-line open. We were able to breathe; we were able to live; we were able to strike. Dire deeds we had to do.

The destruction or capture of the French Fleet which, had it ever passed into German hands would, together with the Italian Fleet, have perhaps enabled the German Navy to face us on the High Seas. The dispatch to Wavell all round the Cape at our darkest hour, of tanks—practically all we had in the island—enabled us as far back as November 1940 to defend Egypt against invasion and hurl back with the loss of a quarter of a million captives the Italian armies at whose tail Mussolini had planned a ride into Cairo or Alexandria.

GREAT anxiety was felt by President Roosevelt, and by thinking men throughout the United States, at what would happen to us in the early part of 1941. He feared greatly that we should be invaded in that spring, and he sent Mr. Wendell Willkie to me with a letter in which he had written the famous lines of Longfellow:

> Sail on, O Ship of State!
> Sail on, O Union strong and great!
> Humanity with all its fears,
> With all the hopes of future years,
> Is hanging breathless on thy fate!

We were in a fairly tough mood by the early months of 1941 and felt very much better about ourselves than in the months immediately after the collapse of France. Our Dunkirk army and field force troops in Britain, almost a million strong, were nearly all equipped or re-equipped. We had ferried over the Atlantic a million rifles and a thousand cannon from the United States, with all their ammunition, since the previous June. In our munition works, which were becoming very powerful, men and women had worked at their machines till they dropped senseless with fatigue. Nearly one million of men, growing to two millions at the peak, at their work all day, had been formed into the Home Guard. They were armed at least with rifles and also with the spirit, "Conquer or Die."

We Marched and Never Knew Defeat

Later in 1941, when we were still all alone, we sacrificed our conquests of the winter in Cyrenaica and Libya in order to stand by Greece, and Greece will never forget how much we gave, albeit unavailingly, of the little we had. We repressed the German-instigated rising in Iraq. We defended Palestine. With the assistance of General de Gaulle's indomitable Free French we cleared Syria and the Lebanon of Vichyites and of German intrigue.

On June 22, 1941, Hitler, master as he thought himself of all Europe, nay, soon to be master of all the world, treacherously without warning, without the slightest provocation, hurled himself on Russia and came face to face with Marshal Stalin and the numerous millions of the Russian people. And then at the end of the year Japan struck her felon blow at the United States at Pearl Harbour, and at the same time attacked us in Malaya and at Singapore.

Never since the United States entered the war have I had the slightest doubt but that we should be saved and that we had only to do our duty to win. From Alamein in October 1942, through the Anglo-American invasion of North Africa, of Sicily, and of Italy, with the capture of Rome, we marched many miles and never knew defeat.

AND then in June last year, after two years of preparation and marvellous devices of amphibious warfare, we seized a carefully selected little toe of German-occupied France and poured millions in from this island and from across the Atlantic until the Seine, the Somme, and the Rhine all fell behind the advancing Anglo-American spearheads. France was liberated. She produced a fine army of gallant men to aid her own liberation. Germany lay open. And now from the other side, from the East, the mighty military achievements of the Russian people, always holding many more German troops on their own front than we could do, rolled forward to meet us in the heart and centre of Germany. At the same time, in Italy, Field-Marshal Alexander's army of so many nations, the largest part of which was British or British Empire, struck their final blow and compelled more than a million enemy troops to surrender.

We have never failed to recognize the immense superiority of the power used by the United States in the rescue of France and the defeat of Germany. For our part we have had in action about one-third as many men as the Americans, but we have taken our full share of the fighting as the scale of our losses shows. Our Navy has borne incomparably the heavier burden in the Atlantic Ocean, in the narrow seas and Arctic convoys to Russia, while the United States Navy has used its massive strength mainly against Japan. It may well be said that never have the forces of two nations fought side by side and intermingled in the line of battle with so much unity, comradeship and brotherhood as in the great Anglo-American Army.

Some people say, "Well, what would you expect, if both nations speak the same language and have the same outlook upon life with all its hope and glory." Others may say, "It would be an ill day for all the world and for the pair of them if they did not go on working together and marching together and sailing together and flying together wherever something has to be done for the sake of freedom and fair play all over the world."

There was one final danger from which the collapse of Germany has saved us—various forms of flying bombs and rockets—and our Air Force and our Ack-Ack batteries have done wonders against them. But it was only when our armies cleaned up the coast and overran all the points of discharge, and when the preparations being made on the coasts of France and Holland could be examined in detail that we knew how grave was the peril. Only just in time did the Allied Armies blast the viper in his nest. Otherwise the autumn of 1944, to say nothing of 1945, might well have seen London as shattered as Berlin. For the same period the Germans had prepared a new U-boat fleet and novel tactics which, though we should have eventually destroyed them, might well have carried anti-U-boat warfare back to the high peak days of 1942.

The Craven Fear of Being Great

I wish I could tell you that all our toils and troubles were over. On the contrary, I must warn you, as I did when I began this five years' task—that there is still a lot to do and that you must be prepared for further efforts of mind and body and further sacrifices to great causes if you are not to fall back into the rut of inertia, the confusion of aim, and the craven fear of being great. You must not weaken in any way in your alert and vigilant frame of mind.

On the Continent of Europe we have yet to make sure that the simple and honourable purposes for which we entered this war are not brushed aside or overlooked in the months following our success, and that the words freedom, democracy and liberation are not distorted from their true meaning as we have understood them. There would be little use in punishing the Hitlerites for their crimes if law and justice did not rule, and if totalitarian or police governments were to take the place of the German invaders. It is the victors who must search their hearts in their glowing hours and be worthy by their nobility of the immense forces that they wield.

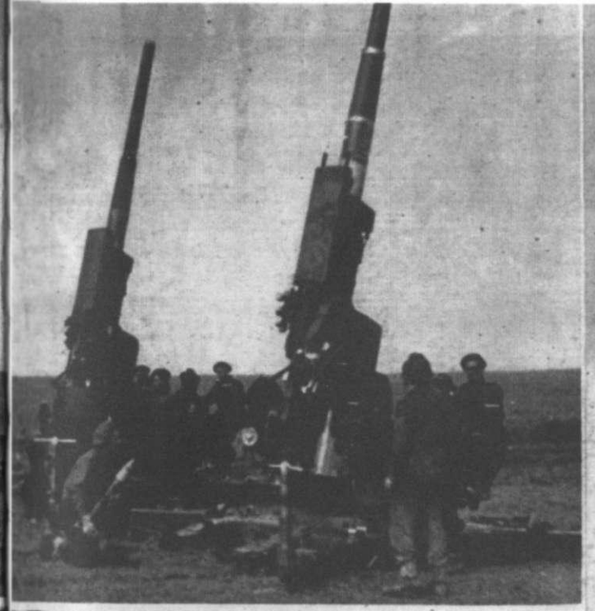
WE must never forget that beyond all lurks Japan, harassed and failing, but a people of a hundred millions for whose warriors death has few terrors. We, like China, so long undaunted, have received horrible injuries from them. We must remember that Australia, New Zealand, and Canada were and are all directly menaced by this evil power. They came to our aid in our dark times, and we must not leave unfinished any task which concerns their safety and their future.

I told you hard things at the beginning of these last five years. You did not shrink, and I should be unworthy of your confidence and generosity if I did not still cry, "Forward! Unflinchingly, unswerving, indomitable, till the whole task is done, and the whole world is safe and clean."

The Great Surrender

Photo, British Official

To Field-Marshal Sir Bernard Law Montgomery, at his headquarters at Luneburg Heath, near Hamburg, came on May 3, 1945, representatives of Admiral Dönitz and Field-Marshal Keitel to ask for surrender terms for all the German forces in Holland, N.W. Germany and Denmark. The delegates were Admiral Von Friedeburg, C.-in-C. German Navy (nearest the Union Jack), Gen. Kinzel, Chief of Staff to Field-Marshal Busch, Rear-Admiral Wagner, and a S.S. staff officer. How they attempted to discuss conditions, were told " Nothing doing ! " and were brought to heel by a stern ultimatum, is described by Montgomery in his own story in page 88. Other pictures, of the actual signing on the following day, and of the historic Instrument of Surrender, are in pages 80-81.



Instrument of Surrender

of

All German armed forces in HOLLAND, in

northwest Germany including all islands,

and in DENMARK.

1. The German Command agrees to the surrender of all German armed forces in HOLLAND, in northwest GERMANY including the FRISIAN ISLANDS and HELIGOLAND and all other islands, in SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN, and in DENMARK, to the C.-in-C. 21 Army Group. this to include all naval ships in these areas. These forces to lay down their arms and to surrender unconditionally.

2. All hostilities on land, on sea, or in the air by German forces in the above areas to cease at 0800 hrs. British Double Summer Time on Saturday 5 May 1945.

3. The German command to carry out at once, and without argument or comment, all further orders that will be issued by the Allied Powers on any subject.

4. Disobedience of orders, or failure to comply with them, will be regarded as a breach of these surrender terms and will be dealt with by the Allied Powers in accordance with the accepted laws and usages of war.

5. This instrument of surrender is independent of, without prejudice to, and will be superseded by any general instrument of surrender imposed by or on behalf of the Allied Powers and applicable to Germany and the German armed forces as a whole.

6. This instrument of surrender is written in English and in German.

The English version is the authentic text.

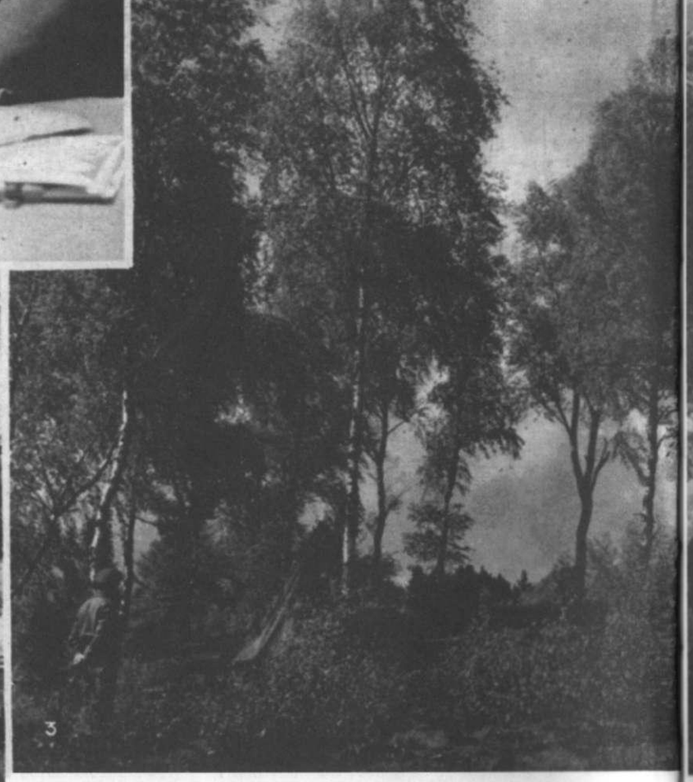
7. The decision of the Allied Powers will be final if any doubt or dispute arises as to the meaning or interpretation of the surrender terms.

B. L. Montgomery
Field-Marshal

am
4 May 1945
1830 hrs

I. Friedeburg
Vizeadm.
J. Wagner
Generaladm.
H.v.Wedel

4



Monty Dominated the Scene—

In his tent at 21st Army Group H.Q., on May 4, 1945, grimly satisfied, Montgomery watched General Kinzel (1) and Admiral Wagner (2) sign the Instrument of Surrender (4), after the German delegates had anxiously conferred among themselves at a distance in a grove of silver birch (3).

Photos: British Official; British Newspaper Pool, Associated Press

—As Germany Fell Asunder

Twenty-four 3·7-in. A.A. guns fired 21 rounds each at Monty's headquarters to celebrate the occasion (5). Men who escorted the surrender delegation through our lines (6). Two high-ranking German officers led the march of the surrendering troops later in an ancient landau (7).

• *Delivered Into the Victors' Hands* '

Photos, British Newspaper Pool, Keystone

On May 7, 1945, at Rheims, was signed the unconditional surrender of the remainder of Germany's stricken forces. Col.-Gen. Gustav Jodl, Chief of Staff (top right, centre) with Adm. H. G. Von Friedeburg, signs for Germany. Afterwards Gen. Jodl rose and declared, " With this signature the German people and German armed forces are, for better or worse, delivered into the victors' hands ! " At the table (bottom), facing the Germans, are representatives of the U.K., U.S.A., France and Russia. In Rheims, Gen. Eisenhower (with Air Chief Marshal Sir A. Tedder, top left) broadcast his thanks to his staff.

VIEWS & REVIEWS

Of Vital War Books

by Hamilton Fyfe

In War Skies With the R.N.Z.A.F.

How well New Zealanders have fought on land we all know. Many of them have in the Navy given equally good service to the Commonwealth. Now we have a tribute to their prowess above ground ; a record, not complete, but sufficiently full to make a satisfying picture, of the exploits of New Zealanders in the Air War (Harrap, Cloth 5s. : Paper 2s. 6d.).

Mr. Alan W. Mitchell, the author, would be the last to claim that they have done better than other Allied airmen. Where all have shone so brightly it would be invidious—indeed, it would be impossible—to pick out particular acts of cleverness and courage. But this can be claimed for the members of the R.N.Z.A.F., which is the Dominion's own service (though many of its boys are in the R.A.F. and have been since before war began), this can be said without fear of any doubt being cast on the claim : they have been second to none in their skill and bravery. As Sir Archibald Sinclair, Secretary of State for Air, declares in his Foreword to the book, the reader is " left with a profound sense of admiration and gratitude for the grit and the abounding cheerfulness and unflinching courage " of all those who are mentioned in it—and of those who are not mentioned also, for all contributed their share to the common pool of audacity, devotion to duty, and readiness to undergo any trial of endurance.

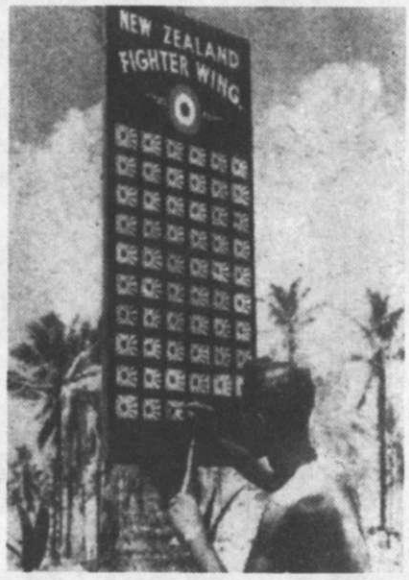
There is little that could be called spectacular, for instance, in the jobs that night fighters are given to do. They search for enemy bombers in a vast, empty sky. " It's something between blind-man's buff and hunt-the-thimble," a C.O. at a night-fighter station once said. " The pilots are groping for their prey all the time and it's as though someone were saying to them ' You're getting warmer—warmer. Now, can you see him ?' " Often the search is monotonous. The look-out man can't see anything. But " it always demands the highest order of patience, concentration and skill." No relaxation is possible, and after hours of battling with cloud, rain and ice, the pilot may return tired out, with nothing to show for his pains. For this job a certain temperament is needed, unemotional, even, perhaps phlegmatic. That does not sound like the New Zealand temperament, but the routine tasks of the night fighter were undertaken as cheerfully and carried out as carefully as those which were more exciting, more " fun."

The most striking single figure here commemorated was " Cobber " Kain, who flew prominently into public notice during the early part of the war (see pages 366 and 367, Vol. 2). Mr. Mitchell suggests that during this period there was little for the war reporters to chronicle and therefore Kain's single combats were seized on and made the most of for newspaper purposes. But he does not in the least belittle what Kain actually did. His bag of German planes was exaggerated ; sometimes it was put as high as forty. It seems to have been about half that number. That was a fine record, especially at that stage of the war. Kain was killed by accident in June 1940, when practising the aerobatics which gave him his reputation as a " mad devil " among his fellow airmen ; he stunted once too often.

Kain always carried about with him as a mascot a large greenstone Maori charm. This superstitious belief in the power of certain objects to protect their possessors from harm was general. Almost every man, Mr. Mitchell noticed, when he was with bomber crews about to start for the Ruhr, took some sort of mascot with him—" a tiki, a scarf, a helmet, or a pair of gloves. I remember Frank Denton wore a tattered flying-suit which he had used on forty operations, over one pocket of which was sketched a skull and cross-bones, and over the other a shamrock. There was good-natured chaff among the crews concerning the values they placed on the mascots." They seemed to guard them quite as carefully as they did their flight rations, which consisted of a tin of orange juice, barley sugar, biscuits and cheese, chocolate and chewing gum.

Two Victoria Crosses have been won by the R.N.Z.A.F. The first was awarded to the twenty-two-year-old second pilot of a Wellington—Sgt.-Pilot James Allen Ward. Attacked on July 7, 1941, by a Messerschmitt, which it destroyed, the machine caught fire. A petrol pipe had been split and the flames became more fierce every minute. Ward reached them with the greatest difficulty, braving the most hideous dangers ; exposed himself to the ninety-mile wind created by the aircraft, risked being swept off, worked his way towards the fire against agonizing obstacles, and subdued it. Two months afterwards he disappeared during a raid on Hamburg and was not heard of again (see page 71, Vol. 5).

The other V.C. was won by Flying-Officer L. A. Trigg, D.F.C., who did not survive the deed for which it was awarded in peculiar, maybe unique, circumstances. The only evidence of that deed was provided by enemy members of a submarine crew. In August 1943 their U-boat was sunk and the Liberator which Trigg commanded went down into the sea in flames. Some of the Germans after their vessel had gone under found the Liberator's dinghy and climbed into it. They were rescued a couple of days later by one of our naval corvettes and they described so vividly the valour shown by the pilot of the aircraft which attacked them that the authorities decided to act upon their testimony and decorate him posthumously with the V.C.



IN NEW GEORGIA a marker keeps tally on this score-board of Jap aircraft shot down by New Zealand fighters, the prowess of whose comrades is extolled in the book reviewed here. PAGE 83 *Photo, Sport & General*

One of the specially daring efforts of the Commonwealth Air Forces in which the R.N.Z.A.F. took part was the freeing of a large number of Frenchmen from the prison at Amiens. These men had been prominent in the Underground Movement and were under sentence of death. It was decided to save them. Eighteen crews from British, New Zealand and Australian squadrons were picked and told what they must do. First, the wall round the prison had to be broken down in at least two places, so that the captives, when released from their cells, could get out. This was the part of the operation allotted to the New Zealanders. Next, the wing of the building in which the German guards were housed had to be smashed up. Then the ends of the main building must be blown open, but with as little force as possible, so that the prisoners might not suffer. If these separate actions were exactly timed and carried out with no hitch, the escape of the prisoners under sentence could be made.

'A Death-or-Glory Show, Boys!'

The weather on the day chosen for the attack—February 18, 1944—was vile. It snowed and rained and blew. Any other operation would have been " scrubbed " (postponed) ; but on the immediate carrying-out of this depended perhaps the lives of a hundred men, who might be bumped off at any moment. So a start had to be made. " It's a death-or-glory show, boys," said Group-Captain P. C. Pickard, D.S.O. and two bars, D.F.C., who was in command. " If it succeeds, it will be one of the most worth-while ' ops ' of the war. If you never do anything else you can still count this as the finest job you have ever done." It did succeed, though that commander lost his life, and the Air Ministry called it " one of the most memorable achievements of the Royal Air Force " (see pages 502, 503, Vol. 8).

That was a daylight operation. Whether these are preferable to night raids is a matter on which airmen are not all agreed. But they all say the same about the unpleasant sensation of being caught in searchlights. One told Mr. Mitchell, after he had taken part in bombing Munich, " When we got into the centre of a searchlight cone nearing the target it was like being in a gigantic bird-cage, but with searchlights surrounding us instead of wires." From a little distance the rays looked like " a grotesque lattice-work " and formed part of a fantastic, unforgettable scene. " Against a cloth of flames, sometimes white from new incendiaries, but more often growing red as the flames began to get a hold, we could see, hanging in the sky, our own flares. Then the Germans sent up a firework like an orange ball. It exploded at 15,000 ft., dribbling down in orange streaks, the scene surrounded by probing searchlights."

Like our airmen, the New Zealanders are drawn from all sorts and conditions of families, but a larger proportion come from open-air occupations. Many of them have been engaged in farming or sheep ranching, but they include numbers also who are town-bred boys—sons of professors, shop-keepers, and office workers. They did not like the English weather—or the Scottish weather. One wrote from Scotland : " Fog in the morning, sunshine for an hour, mist in the afternoon. Mother, oh mother, what a climate ! " But they liked the people of Britain and were well liked by them. They have helped to weld fresh links between us in our island and their own folk in their islands—links that are strong already and will grow stronger and stronger with time.

Fallen Leaders of Germany as Prisoners of War

VON KESSELRING, once German C.-in-C. in Italy, then on the West Front, and finally in North-West Germany, gave himself up on May 10, 1945, to Maj.-Gen. Maxwell D. Taylor, U.S. 7th Army (1, right) with whom he is seen at Berchtesgaden, where the surrender took place. Reichsmarshal Hermann Goering (2), ex-Luftwaffe chief and first on the official list of war criminals, surrendered on the same day to Brig.-Gen. Stack, Assistant Commander, U.S. 36th Division. Seyss-Inquart (3, centre), notorious Reichskommissar of the Netherlands during the Occupation, was guarded after his arrest in Hamburg by Royal Welch Fusiliers.

Conqueror of Poland in 1939, Field-Marshal Von Kleist (4) after his capture at Mittenfels. Field-Marshal Von Rundstedt (5, with walking-stick), former German Supreme Commander in the West, caught at his Bavarian retreat by the U.S. 7th Army, was accompanied by his son (centre) and a medical attendant (right).

Photos, British and U.S. Official, Associated Press

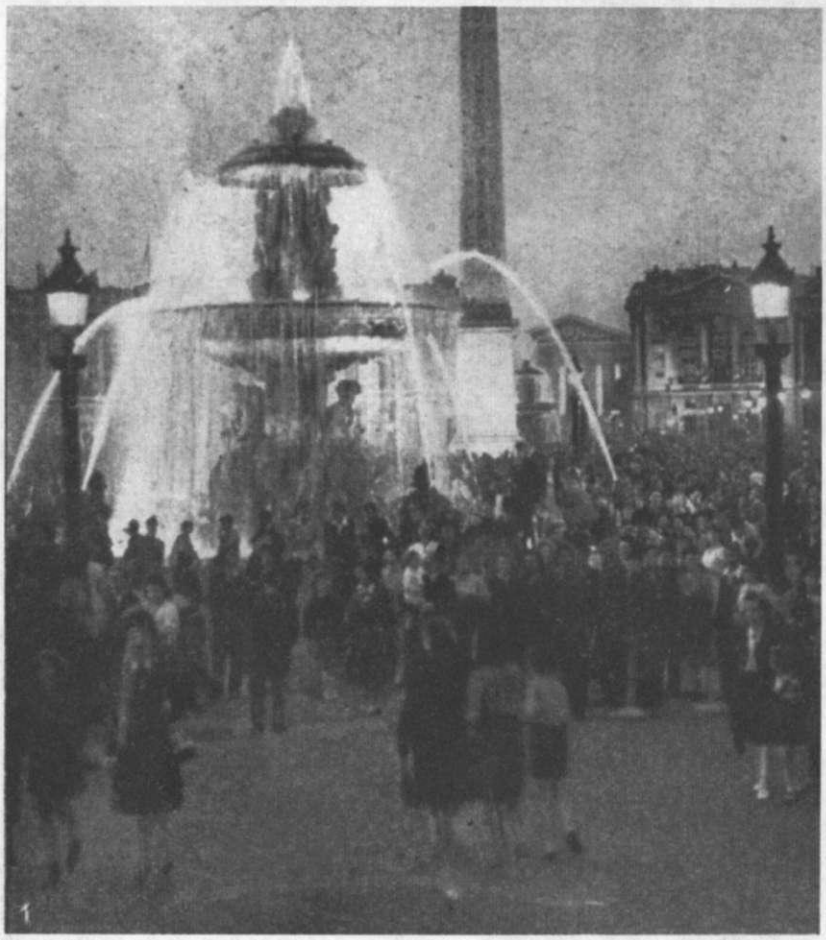
PAGE 84

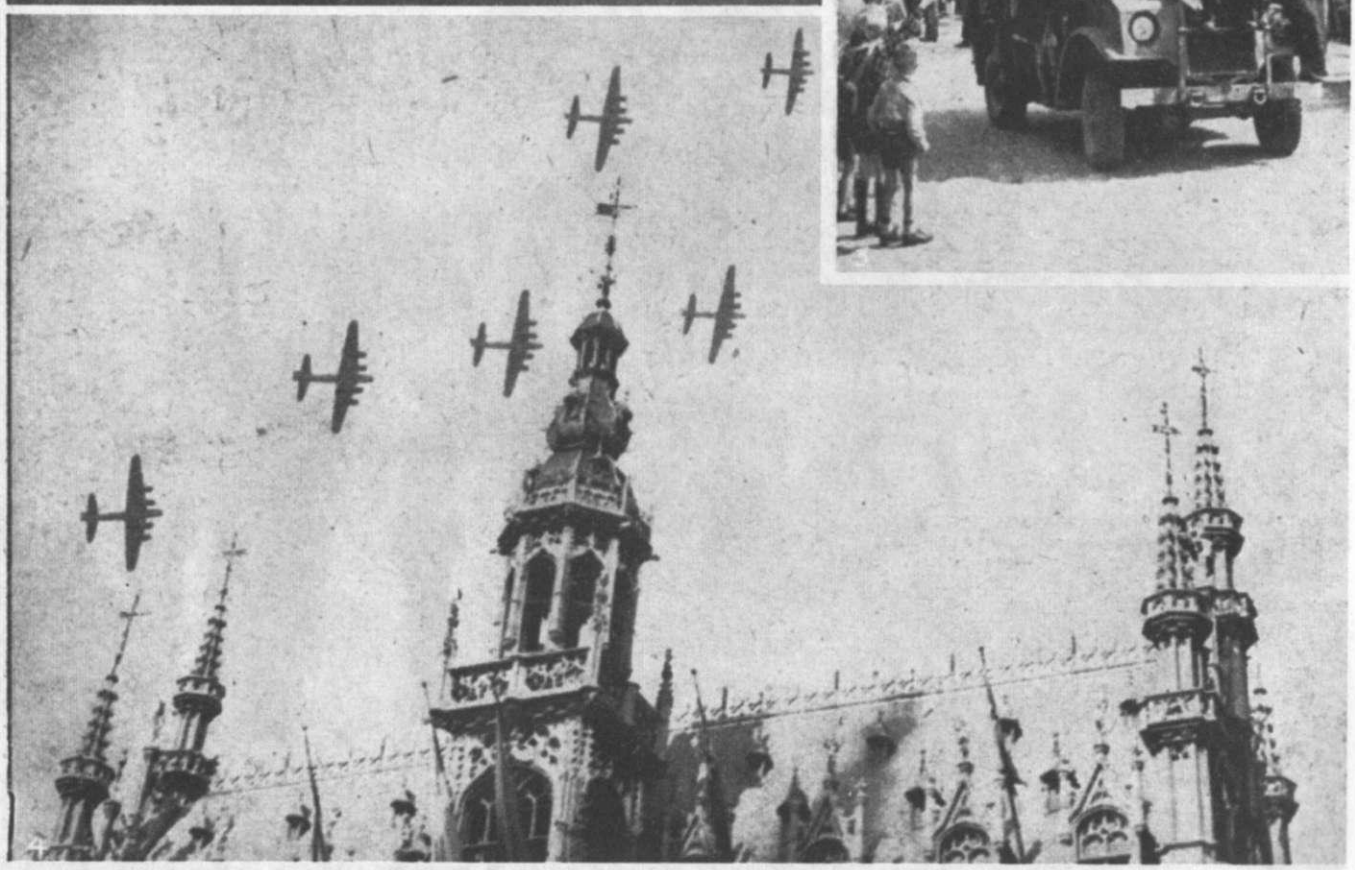
Last Act of the Drama in Conquered Berlin

WEARING THE NAZI " ORDER OF BLOOD," FIELD-MARSHAL KEITEL, Wehrmacht C.-in-C. (1), signed at the Soviet H.Q. in Berlin (announced on May 9, 1945) the Instrument ratifying the unconditional surrender of German power signed previously at Rheims (see illus. page 82). Red Army signatory was Marshal Zhukov (2), Anglo-American representative was Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder (3, second from left), who with Admiral Sir Harold Burrough, (extreme right), inspected Berlin's ruins with their Russian hosts. See story in page 89.

Photos, U.S. Official

How Europe's Capitals Hailed the Great News





PARIS BECAME AGAIN THE " CITY OF LIGHT " when she celebrated Germany's unconditional surrender : even the fountains in the Place de la Concorde (1) were illuminated. Victory crowds in Moscow's Red Square carried a young Red Army officer shoulder-high (2). At the Hague, as R.A.F. Lancasters droned overhead with food supplies, Dutch children clustered on an Allied motor vehicle (3). In Brussels, Allied bombers dipped in salute over the Hotel de Ville (4). **See also story in page 90, and illus. page 94.**

Photos, British Newspaper Pool, Planet News

Story With an Echo All Over Our Fair Land

HOMECOMING OF SERGEANT F. G. TUCKER to Oreston, in Devon, from a prison camp in Germany has its happy parallel wherever the war has touched the families of Britain. The small village turned out in force to greet him—arm-in-arm with a proud wife, and a wondering small son to whom a new and miraculous world has suddenly opened. Waiting to be repatriated (May 25, 1945) were some 30,000 British captives in Russian-occupied Eastern Germany, Austria and Czechoslovakia. See also illus. in page 92.

Photo, Central Press

I WAS THERE! Eye Witness Stories of the War

Montgomery's Own Story of the Great Surrender

An hour before the signing of the capitulation at Luneburg Heath in N.W. Germany, Field-Marshal Sir Bernard Montgomery told war correspondents, in his own inimitable style, of German moves leading up to the surrender. How this was made later is also described here.

THERE is a German general called Blumentritt who, as far as I know, commands all forces between the Baltic and the Weser river. On Wednesday he sent in and said he wanted to come in on Thursday and surrender what they call the army group Blumentritt. It is not an Army group as we know it—but a sort of brigade group. He wanted to surrender it so that it was done to the British 2nd Army. He was told, "You can come in. That's O.K. We are delighted."

Now the next thing that happened was yesterday morning (Thursday). Blumentritt did not come. He said, "As far as I know there is something going on just above my level and therefore I am not coming in." He did not come in. But instead there arrived here to see me four German people—

READING THE SURRENDER TERMS to the German delegation on May 4, 1945, Field-Marshal Montgomery—who tells his own story in this page—was stern and implacable. Round the table, left to right: Major Friede, Rear-Admiral Wagner, Admiral Von Friedeburg, Field-Marshal Montgomery, General Kinzel and Col. Polleck. On May 23 Friedeburg committed suicide at Flensburg. See also pages 79-81.

Photo, British Official

Gen.-Adml. Friedeburg, who is commander-in-chief of the German navy (I think Dönitz was commander-in-chief German navy until he became Fuehrer); Gen. Kinzel, chief of staff to Field-Marshal Busch (he is here in camp now); Rear-Adml. Wagner, staff officer to Friedeburg; and Major Friede, who is staff officer to Kinzel, so the party really was just two chaps—Friedeburg and Kinzel.

Now this is extremely interesting. They lined up above my caravan and I said, "What do you want?"—I am telling you the whole story because it is very interesting. They said, "We've come here from Field-Marshal Busch to ask you to accept the surrender of the three German armies that are now withdrawing in front of the Russians in Mecklenburg between Rostock and Berlin. They are the 3rd Panzer, the 12th and 21st Armies." They said, "We want you to accept the surrender of these armies. We are very anxious about the condition of the civilians who are driven along as these armies flee from the advancing Russians and we want you to accept their surrender."

I said "No, certainly not. These armies are fighting the Russians and therefore if they surrender to anybody it must be to the Russians—it has nothing to do with me and I am not going to have any dealings with anything on my eastern flank from Wismar to Domitz on the Elbe, on which flank we are now in closest contact with the Russians. This is the Russians' business. A Russian peace, therefore you surrender to the Russians. Now the subject is closed." I then said to them, "Are you prepared to surrender to me the German forces on my western and northern flanks—that is to say, all the German forces between Luebeck and Holland, and all those forces that they have in support of them? These forces include the German army in Denmark—will you surrender those?"

They said, "No." So far it had been a very good discussion. Then they said, "We are most anxious about the condition of civilians in the areas of Luebeck and on the northern flank—we are very anxious about them and we would like to come to some agreement with you by which these civilians can be saved slaughter in battle. We thought perhaps you would make some plan with us whereby you would advance slowly and we would withdraw slowly and all the civilians would be all right." So far we had not got very far.

I said, "No. There is nothing doing. I am not going to discuss any conditions at all as to what I am going to do. I wonder whether you officers know what is the battle situation on the Western Front? In case you don't I will show it to you." I produced a map which showed the battle situation. That situation was a great shock to them. They were quite amazed and very upset. I was perfectly frank and held back no secrets. They were in a condition—and in a very good, ripe condition—to receive a further blow, which they got. I said to them, "You must clearly understand three points.

"One. You must surrender to me unconditionally all the German forces in Holland, in Friesland, including the Frisian Islands, Heligoland, and all other islands, in Schleswig-Holstein and in Denmark.

"Two. Once you have done that I am then prepared to discuss with you the implications of the surrender—that is to say I am prepared to say to you how we will dispose of the German forces, how we will occupy the area concerned, how we will deal with the civilians and so on. Once you have done Point Number One I will discuss Point Number Two. (You see, they wanted me to do Point Number Two first.)

"Three. If you don't agree to Point Number One I shall go on with the war and will be delighted to do so and am ready. All your soldiers will be killed. These are the three points—there is no alternative—one, two, three, finished!"

They then said to me, "We came here entirely for the purpose of asking you to accept surrender of these German armies on your eastern flank and we have been given powers to agree to that subject only. We have no power to agree to what you now want. That is a new one on us. But two of us will now go back again to where we came from, get agreement and come back again. Two will stay here with you."

So yesterday afternoon between 3.30 and 4 o'clock the Gen.-Admiral, accompanied by Major Friede, went back. We sent them through our lines into Hamburg and I sent with them my personal assistant, Col. Warren. He took them right up the road until they met the Germans—they had a special flag. The other two stayed in my camp all night. The arrangement was that the Gen.-Admiral would be back here tonight at five o'clock and here he is back.

He was to come back here with the doings. He was to get agreement to my Point Number One; after that, I would agree to Point Number Two and Point Number Three. That is the story that is going to unfold itself in the next business. Now they have arrived—they are up top somewhere, and my present intention is that they will sign what I have prepared. This piece of paper is really the Instrument of Surrender of the forces in accordance with my demands. I am dealing with the commander of the forces facing me and that is why I am doing it alone like this. I am demanding from him the tactical surrender of the forces fighting me and any ones in close support like the ones in Denmark.

Very Tricky Problems Involved

I have absolutely excluded anything which would be an Allied thing and would require the presence of our Allied Russians and Americans and so on. The forces which surrender will total over 1,000,000—that is their own statement. It will involve some very tricky problems getting them from these places—from West Holland and Denmark. We know there are in Schleswig-Holstein 2,000,000 civilians over and above the normal population. They came into it as the battle surged from Eastern Germany right across Germany and up into Schleswig-Holstein. I have given you absolutely the whole story. The next scene will be up top in the tent.

The narrative is continued by R. W. Thompson, special correspondent of The Sunday Times:

He left us, and for a short time we waited, and then, just before six, we walked up to where above the small cluster of caravans that is Monty's headquarters the Union Jack fluttered in the still cold breeze. A square table with a plain grey army blanket showed under the rainflaps of a tent, around it six brown hard chairs. In this tent we knew this "piece of paper" would be signed.

Presently Monty walked down the steps of his caravan, the "piece of paper," in one hand, the other hand stuffed deep into his battle-dress pocket. And then they came through the woodland. Two British staff officers walked with Friedeburg and behind them followed in pairs Kinzel and Wagner, Friede and a new arrival, Col. Polleck. Von Friedeburg climbed the steps of the Field-Marshal's caravan alone and entered. It was 6.20 when he emerged from the caravan and the small cavalcade led by two British staff officers walked across to the tent with the simple table. There they stood each at his chair, waiting. Two minutes later Field-

Marshal Montgomery followed. The five German officers saluted stiffly and seated themselves after the Field-Marshal.

Montgomery, who wore his tortoiseshell spectacles, read clearly the text of the " piece of paper." " The German Command agree to surrender all German forces to the C.-in-C., 21st Army Group. All hostilities to cease at 8 a.m. British double summer time, May 5, 1945. The decision of the Allied Powers final." Then Montgomery said, " The German delegation will now sign. They will sign in order of seniority. Gen.-Adm. Von Friedeburg first."

The admiral rose, walked to the place, and with the simple army issue pen signed. Then Kinzel, then the others as the Field-Marshal called their names. Only Montgomery's voice rose above the sibilant click of the cameras, and then he said : " Now I will sign on behalf of the Supreme Commander, Gen. Eisenhower." As he finished signing he sighed faintly sat back, removed his tortoiseshell rims, completely master of himself and his enemies in this great moment. " That concludes the formal surrender." The tent flaps were let down as details were discussed and we walked away.

Field-Marshal KEITEL, Wehrmacht C.-in-C., arrogantly raised his baton before signing the unconditional surrender terms in Berlin. Story in this page. *Photo, U.S. Official*

Keitel Was Furious As He Signed in Berlin

How the final act of surrender was signed on Germany's behalf by the chiefs of her Army, Navy and Air Force, in Berlin, is told by Clifford Webb of the Daily Herald. Present at the ceremony, he describes it as " probably the most uproarious surrender scene in history." See also p. 85.

We met our first Russians at Stendal airfield, close to the Elbe, where the planes carrying the official British party under Air Chief Marshal Tedder, General Eisenhower's Deputy, touched down by arrangement. There we had to await the arrival first of a plane from Flensburg, bringing Field-Marshal Keitel, the chief German signatory, and then an escort of Russian fighters to escort us to the Tempelhof aerodrome in Berlin. Eventually we became airborne again and flew on with a swarm of fighters, circling, zooming and diving all around in the most exuberant fashion.

At Tempelhof Sir Arthur Tedder's party was warmly welcomed by high-ranking Russian officers and all but mobbed by uniformed Russian Press photographers. Then the British party inspected the guard of honour of young, smart-looking Red troops, and took up position for a march past.

This was a grand spectacle. The Russians held their bayoneted rifles in the forward lunge position, each point only inches from the neck of the man in front. They marched stiffly and with wonderful precision to martial music in a manner that would have " brought the house down " in any part of the world.

Hustled into waiting cars, we were driven at breakneck speed through the ruins of Berlin. We came to Karlshorst and were shown into neat, typically suburban villas, for rest and refreshment. Wine, vodka, cognac, red and black caviare, fish, ham and cheese, were brought in by trim Russian waitresses. At 7 p.m. we went to the school. Interpreters and secretaries were deep in the throes of their struggles to convey precisely the same meaning to technical paragraphs in Russian, English and German. Cases of beer were brought to the building.

Meanwhile, Sir Arthur Tedder, puffing away at his pipe, roamed around obviously enjoying the informality as much as anybody. It was 11.1 p.m. British time when all was finally ready, and we filed into the large, lofty conference-room, whose main adornment was the Russian, British, United States and French flags on the wall above the table reserved for Marshal Zhukov, Sir Arthur Tedder and the other Allied signatories.

Zhukov, shortish, broad, hair slightly thinning in front, gave an immediate impression of immense power and obvious intelligence. His eyes are steely, blue, deep set and unwavering. His jaw juts, but his mouth is that of the good-humoured man. He was in Russian Marshal-of-Armies uniform, white stars on his epaulettes.

There was a buzz of conversation, which was hushed as through the wide open doors the three German delegates, Keitel, Stumpff and Friedeburg appeared. Keitel strode to his seat, looked towards the top table, clicked his heels and raised his Field-Marshal's baton in his right hand in salute. The other two bowed stiffly and were seated. Keitel, a typically arrogant-looking Prussian Junker, thin-lipped, grey moustached, and pink-faced, screwed a monocle into his left eye to read papers set in front of him.

Marshal Zhukov put on steel-rimmed spectacles and looked sternly in front of him. Sir Arthur Tedder, composed and absolutely at ease, was probably the most unmoved person in the whole room. Keitel was directed to the top table to sign Germany's final surrender. And then an astonishing thing happened. The eager crowd of Russian photographers could contain their enthusiasm no longer.

They surged forward until they all but engulfed the top table, pushing and struggling among themselves to thrust their cameras within inches of Keitel's furious face while he signed. Reporters stood on chairs until other reporters pushed them off. It was probably the most uproarious surrender scene in history and yet the top table somehow managed to retain a calm dignity and the signings proceeded as arranged.

Keitel returned to his former seat and began expostulating to interpreters about some detail in the surrender terms with which he did not agree. It was a small point and, anyway, he had already signed. After a while he tried to cover his humiliation with some light conversation to his aides. The signings complete, the documents were carefully stored away in blue folders, and everybody repaired to the largest ante-room for conversation and beer, Marshal Zhukov among them.

Meanwhile, a small crowd of waitresses descended on the conference-room, whipped away pens, pencils, papers, and all the paraphernalia of surrender, and swiftly transformed the room into a banqueting-hall. And then a full five hours of eating, drinking, toasting and music. Marshal Zhukov became more and more smilingly expansive as the night wore on, and the top table quickly became the scene of much back-slapping, hand shaking, and general good humour, with all the other tables following suit. Sir Arthur Tedder scored a great personal triumph with just the right note in his speeches and with his informal easy-going manner. He did a grand job.

Air Chief Marshal SIR ARTHUR TEDDER, as Deputy Allied Supreme Commander was a signatory of the surrender document in the German capital. *Photo, U.S. Official*

I Was in Germany's Dead Capital on May 9

Touring Berlin in company with Air Chief Marshal Tedder and the Russian Military Commander of the capital, Gen. Berzanin, on the day capitulation was announced there, Reuters correspondent Harold King saw grimly contrasting scenes in a metropolis which " had simply ceased to exist."

I have seen Stalingrad, I have lived through the entire London blitz, I have seen a dozen badly damaged major Russian towns. But the scene of utter destruction, desolation and death which meets the eye in Berlin as far as the eye can rove in all directions is something that almost baffles description. Dozens of well-known thoroughfares, including the entire Unter den Linden from one end to the other, are utterly wrecked. The town is literally unrecognizable.

The Alexanderplatz, in the East End, where the Gestapo headquarters were, is a weird desert of rubble and gaping smoke-blackened walls. From the Brandenburg Gate everything within a radius of from two to five miles is destroyed. There does not appear to be one house in a hundred which is even useful as shelter. Among hundreds of well-known landmarks which have disappeared or been irreparably damaged are the former Kaiser's palace, the Opera House, the French, British, American and Japanese Embassies, Goering's Air Ministry, Goebbels' Propaganda Ministry, the Bristol and Adlon hotels. Hitler's Chancellery in the Wilhelmstrasse is like some vast, abandoned ancient tomb of the dead. It has had several direct hits, and it is impossible yet to tell who lies buried beneath the rubble—perhaps Hitler himself.

"If you want to know what war means, come to Berlin ! " was Air Chief Marshal

FROM THE RUINS OF THE FRANKFURTERALLEE clouds of smoke arose as the remnants of Berlin's garrison, under General Weisering, surrendered on May 2, 1945, to Marshal Zhukov's and Marshal Koniev's troops, elaborate barricades and street trench-systems failing to stay the Red Army's advance. A tour of the dead capital is described below. *Photo, Planet News*

Tedder's comment, after he had stood for five minutes on his tour of inspection, making a quick sketch of the scene at the Brandenburg Gate for his famous sketchbook. The only people who look like human beings in the streets of what was Berlin are the Russian soldiers. There are 2,000,000 inhabitants in the city, the Russian authorities told me, but they are mostly in the more remote suburbs. In the central part of the city you only see a few ghost-like figures queueing up to pump water.

If Stalingrad, London, Guernica, Rotterdam and Coventry wanted avenging, they have had it and no mistake about it. All observers this morning agreed that it would probably be impossible to rebuild the centre of Berlin for many years, if ever. Fires are still burning here and there, and the dull sound of a mine exploding or dynamite being sprung can be heard every few minutes. The Red Flag flies on top of the Reichstag (see illus. page 41) which is burned hollow—really burnt this time. The Tiergarten opposite the Reichstag looks like a forest after a big fire.

I MOTORED from Tempelhof Airport in a fast car, driven with dash and determination by a Russian who had come all the way from Stalingrad. During thirty minutes' driving I spotted only six houses which I was not able to see straight through and in which there were signs of habitation. The population and Red Army soldiers are attempting to clear some of the main streets, but it looks like trying to shovel away the sand and the Pyramids in Egypt. One has the impression that if placed in the midst of one of a network of smaller streets without any guidance one might wander around for hours, lost as if in a desert. The Russian command has already erected huge sketch maps at all main squares and crossings. Without these it would be impossible to find one's way about.

Except for the noise of an occasional Russian Army car, or the gentle trot of the small horse-drawn Russian carts, there is complete silence, and the air is permanently filled with rubble dust. One sign of life, however, is the interminable columns of displaced persons of all European nationalities who seem to be marching through Berlin in various directions, carried forward by a homing instinct more than by any clear idea of where they are going.

The Russian military command is already feeding hundreds of thousands of Berliners. The Red Army has seized what food stocks the city had, and has added from its own supplies. Berliners receive 500 grammes of bread a day (more than many people got in Moscow in the winter of 1942), a little meat, sugar, coffee, potatoes. Attempts are being made to get the water supply working. The Russians are obviously not wreaking any vengeance on the population. Notices in Russian, the only spot of bright colour in this place of desolation, are all over the town. In many respects, one has the impression, on arriving in Berlin today, that one is back in some war-scarred region of the Soviet Union. Russian troops are everywhere, cheerful, enduring, good-natured. With them they have brought their girl army traffic control "cops," who signal with red and yellow flags and salute smartly every time, as they have been doing all the way from the Volga to the Spree.

When the Allied Delegation arrived at the Tempelhof Airport yesterday there were compact squads of tough little Siberians lined up to honour their arrival. And practically the only Germans within sight were the surrender envoys, with their aides, who marched across the airport accompanied by Russian and Allied officers.

The German chief executives of gas, transport, electric light, water and other public utility organizations, have voluntarily placed themselves at the disposal of General Berzanin, and Berlin workers have reported to Russian command posts, I was told, with the words: "We are your soldiers. We work for you." Many wounded German soldiers, who were lying in underground hospitals, have been sent to Russian-organized hospitals, and are looked after by German doctors and German nurses. Every day thousands of Berliners are coming back, but there is nothing much to come back to.

While the Russians told me they hoped to have part of the underground working again by the middle of this month, at present hundreds of burnt-out trams stand on the tram tracks, dead horses are still lying in the streets, and parts of the city are very dangerous because of the risk of tens of thousands of walls collapsing in a final spasm of death.

I Saw Joyous London Blaze Up on V Day Eve

Suddenly, spontaneously, deliriously the people of London on May 7, 1945, held their own jubilations—before Victory Day was officially declared. "V Day may be tomorrow," they said, "but the war is over tonight!" Guy Ramsey, of The Daily Mail, tells what it was like—a staggering contrast to the scenes in conquered Berlin. See also illus. p. 94.

THE sky once lit by the glare of the blitz shone red with the Victory glow. The last trains departed from the West End unregarded. The pent-up spirits of the throng, the polyglot throng that is London in wartime, burst out, and by 11 o'clock the capital was ablaze with enthusiasm.

Processions formed up out of nowhere, disintegrating for no reason, to reform somewhere else. Waving flags, marching in step, with linked arms or half-embraced, the people strode down the great thoroughfares—Piccadilly, Regent Street, the Mall, to the portals of Buckingham Palace. They marched and counter-marched so as not to get too far from the centre. And from them, in harmony and discord, rose song. The songs of the last war, the songs of a century ago. The songs of the beginning of this war—Roll out the Barrel, and Tipperary; Ilkla Moor and Loch Lomond; Bless 'em All and Pack Up Your Troubles.

Rockets—found no one knows where, set-off by no one knows whom—streaked into the sky, exploding not in death but a burst of scarlet fire. A pile of straw filled with thunder-flashes salvaged from some military dump spurted and exploded near Leicester Square. Every car that challenged the milling, moiling throng was submerged in humanity. They climbed on the running-boards, on the bonnet, on the roof. They hammered on the panels. They shouted and sang.

Against the drumming on metal came the clash of cymbals, improvised out of dustbin lids. The dustbin itself was a football for an impromptu Rugger scrum. Bubbling, exploding with gaiety, the people "mafficked." Headlights silhouetted couples kissing, couples cheering, couples waving flags. Every cornice, every lamp-post was scaled. Americans marched with A.T.S. Girls in civvies, fresh from their workbenches, ran by the side of battle-dressed soldiers. A handful of French sailors lent a touch of Cosmopolis to the scene. Wherever one went, song was in the air. Half-way up Regent Street the shouts of Piccadilly smote on the ear like a ceaseless machine-gun fire of sound.

Over Buckingham Palace soared aircraft, their navigation lights like coloured stars, while a throng, convinced the Royal Family would *not* appear, still chanted monotonously and happily, "WE WANT THE KING!"

The police in their wisdom took no steps to check the gaiety the people had earned. Only here and there did a kindly hand fall on an obstreperous shoulder and shift somebody on. The American M.P.s—"Snowdrops"—stood about grinning humorously, good-humouredly, and . . . helplessly. Flashes of Press cameras stabbed the lurid sky. The whir of rattles—once to warn us against gas, the single terror-weapon not used—confounded the confusion.

And yet—and yet, what a good-humoured crowd! No violence, no stampede, no rough stuff. A kindly crowd, a little drunk, but incredibly more intoxicated with victory than alcohol, cheered and laughed and broke into dance. Ships in the river sounded their sirens continuously. It went on for two hours. Wherever there was a piece of derelict land there was a bonfire.

Floodlights blazed at Stage Door Canteen, where a score of flags shone scarlet; Big Ben shone steady through the night; the County Hall—also floodlit—added its quota of brilliance to the scene. London University

students formed a mile-long procession that traipsed up and down the Strand. Fire engines clanged and clattered—summoned by false alarms. Lights swung brilliantly in Admiralty Arch.

On Hampstead Hill a huge throng gathered to look down over London. And one woman, who had lost the irreplaceable in the blitz, looked out across the glaring lights and murmured: "I never want to see London glow again—even tonight!" Aircraft flung down multi-coloured balls of fire, and from the highest church in London—Christ Church, Hampstead—a V in living light, wrought by skilfully adjusted flood-lighting, blazoned its message that *Victory is won.*

In the Nightmare City of Rangoon Today

The Burmese capital was reoccupied by British forces on May 3, 1945, after nearly three years' occupation by the Japanese. How the once lovely city had been transformed by the enemy to a horror almost beyond belief is told by Arthur Helliwell, the Daily Herald's special correspondent.

THE Japanese have left their ugly trade-mark smeared heavily across the face of this once lovely city—the trade-mark of filth and degradation and misery they left in their wake across half Burma as we chased them down to the sea.

All the way from the Chindwin we have seen the same thing in their abandoned jungle camps that looked more like pigsties than human habitations. But here in Rangoon, where traces of the city's former beauty still shine through the dirt and decay, the trade-mark of Japanese bestiality is much more horrifying.

The refuse of months is piled up feet high along the broad, tree-lined, sun-drenched boulevards. Gutters are clogged with it and over the whole city there hangs a cloying and nauseating stench that sticks in your gullet—the vile odour of decay.

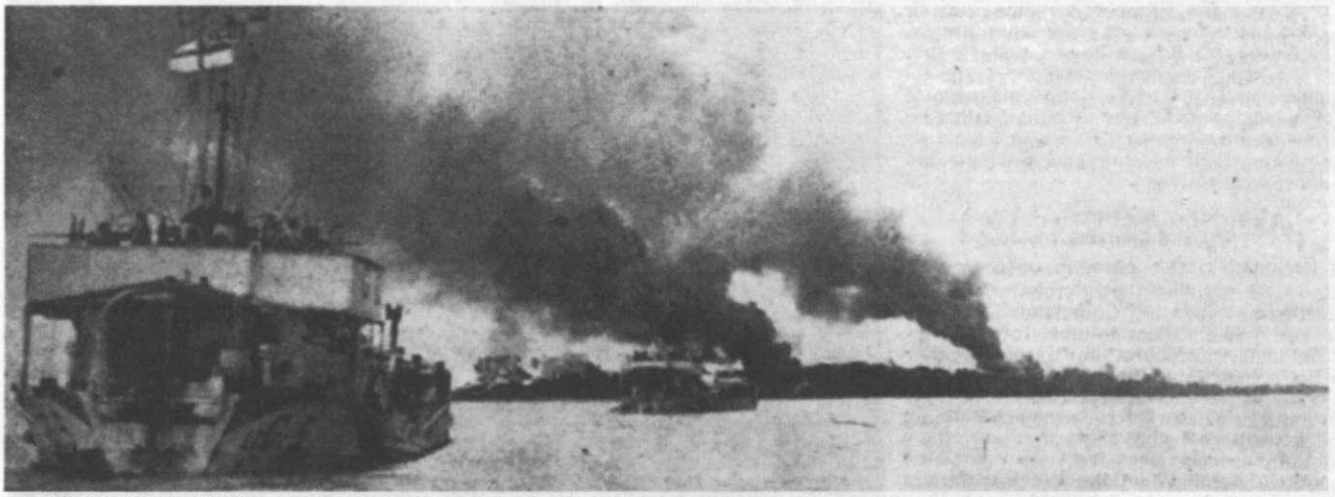
Rangoon today is a nightmare city—a city where the streets are paved with millions of worthless Japanese currency notes, where beggars squat on piles of paper money and beg for alms, where ownerless buffaloes roam the pavements of a city riddled with loathsome disease.

The still smouldering vaults of the impressive white Bank of India building, the bodies of native looters stabbed to death in a crazy fight for money lie sprawled among the litter of bloodstained Japanese notes.

People who remained here through the Japanese occupation are hungry. The children have that peaked, hollow-eyed look that comes from months of semi-starvation. And when you see them another tragedy of this sad city hits you. In Rangoon today children never laugh or play games. Most of them seem to have forgotten how to smile.

They simply squat and stare with their wizened little faces puckered in bewilderment, and once again you recognize another trade-mark of the "sons of heaven"—the stamp of fear.

Reconstruction work has already begun, and out in the dirty river trim Royal Navy minesweepers are weaving to and fro among the gently bobbing sampans, clearing the waterway for the big freighters that will soon come sailing up to Rangoon again with supplies for more Allied victories.



LANDING CRAFT RUSHED THE BANKS OF RANGOON RIVER, south of Burma's capital, on May 3, 1945, in one of the greatest amphibious operations to date under South-East Asia Command; blinding rain and smoke from the great strike of the Allied Strategic Air Force obliterated the defences. It was the first Allied full-scale invasion without naval bombardment, but so heavy was the air attack that the British and Indian seaborne troops, with Gurkha paratroops, went in almost unopposed. **See also illus. page 66.**

Photo, British Official

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

MAY 9, Wednesday *1,249th day of War against Japan*

Channel Islands.—Final surrender of German garrison signed on board H.M. destroyer Bulldog.

Sea.—Last remnants of German fleet, including Prinz Eugen and Nürnberg, surrendered in Copenhagen harbour.

Home Front.—Home Secretary announced revocation of many Defence Regulations, including 18b.

MAY 10, Thursday *1,250th day*

Sea.—First U-boats to give themselves up entered British ports.

Japan.—Super-Fortresses attacked aviation fuel centres near Tokuyama on Honshu and on Oshima island.

MAY 11, Friday *1,251st day*

Russian Front.—Marshal Koniev arrived in Prague. Russian forces converged on last Germans holding out in Czechoslovakia.

Philippines.—Fresh landing of U.S. forces on Mindanao announced.

MAY 12, Saturday *1,252nd day*

Channel Islands.—British force and relief expedition arrived in Jersey and Guernsey.

Mediterranean.—Unconditional surrender of German garrison in Crete signed at Heraklion.

Ryukyu Islands.—U.S. troops occupied Tori island, E. of Okinawa.

MAY 13, Sunday *1,253rd day*

Germany.—British troops, including Scots Guards, occupied Heligoland.

New Guinea.—Australians captured Wewak peninsula and airfield.

Japan.—Nine square miles of Nagoya laid waste in attack by more than 500 Super-Fortresses.

Home Front.—King George and Queen Elizabeth drove through London to Thanksgiving Service at St. Paul's.

MAY 14, Monday *1,254th day*

Mediterranean.—First contingent of British troops landed in Crete.

Philippines.—In Luzon, U.S. troops captured Balete Pass.

MAY 15, Tuesday *1,255th day*

Ryukyu Islands.—Fierce fighting in Naha, capital of Okinawa.

Japan.—Japanese Cabinet decided to abrogate all treaties with Germany and other European nations.

MAY 16, Wednesday *1,256th day*

Channel Islands.—British naval and military expedition reoccupied Alderney, last island to be freed.

Malacca Straits.—Japanese cruiser sunk by ships and aircraft of East Indies Fleet west of Penang.

Japan.—Nagoya again attacked by Super-Fortresses with incendiaries.

Home Front.—Mr. Bevin announced Government's plan for re-allocation of man-power; group releases from Army to start June 18; ballot for "Bevin boys" for mines to be suspended.

MAY 17, Thursday *1,257th day*

Indian Ocean.—Allied heavy bombers attacked the Andaman Islands.

Home Front.—Minister of Fuel and Power announced basic petrol ration to come into operation June 1.

General.—H.M. the King announced creation of seven new medals for War service.

MAY 18, Friday *1,258th day*

China.—Treaty port of Foochow recaptured by Chinese troops.

Japan.—Super-Fortresses attacked Hamamatsu, south-east of Nagoya.

MAY 19, Saturday *1,259th day*

Japan.—Super-Fortresses from the Marianas bombed Tokyo. Philippines-based Fortresses attacked Hamamatsu.

Formosa.—Allied aircraft from the Philippines attacked Formosa.

MAY 20, Sunday *1,260th day*

Ryukyu Islands.—Japanese in U.S. Marine uniforms counter-attacked on Okinawa, but were repulsed.

China.—Allied patrol bombers attacked railway installations along the Yangtse near Nanking.

MAY 21, Monday *1,261st day*

Netherlands.—Canadian 1st Army held victory march through The Hague.

U.S.A.—War Dept. announced that U.S. 1st Army under Gen. Hodges was on its way to the Pacific via U.S.A.

MAY 22, Tuesday *1,262nd day*

U.S.A.—War and Navy Depts. revealed that for some time Japanese balloons carrying bombs had fallen in isolated spots in U.S.A. and Canada.

Germany.—Field-Marshal Montgomery appointed C.-in-C. British Forces of Occupation in Germany.

Home Front.—Food Minister announced cuts in civilian rations of fats, bacon, meat and soap.

★ Flash-backs ★

1940

May 10. *Germans invaded Holland, Belgium and Luxembourg. Mr. Churchill became Premier.*

May 14. *Rotterdam heavily bombed by Luftwaffe. Dutch surrendered. Formation of Local Defence Volunteers announced by Mr. Eden.*

May 15. *Germans broke through French lines south of Sedan.*

1941

May 10. *Last heavy bomber raid on London. Hess landed in Scotland.*

May 20. *First German airborne troops landed in Crete.*

1943

May 12. *All organized Axis resistance ended in Tunisia.*

May 16-17. *R.A.F. mine-laying Lancasters breached Mohne and Eder dams in the Ruhr basin.*

1944

May 11-12. *5th and 8th Armies opened offensive against the Gustav Line in Italy.*

May 18. *Cassino town captured by British, Monastery Hill by Poles. U.S. and Chinese troops in Burma under Gen. Merrill captured Myitkyina airfield.*

THE WAR IN THE AIR

by **Capt. Norman Macmillan, M.C., A.F.C.**

I MET a friend a few days ago who was just back from the East, where he has spent a good deal of the last 25 years from Bengal eastwards. He is inclined to think the Japs may sue for peace. He had come home in a Sunderland flying boat, taking five days for the journey from the farther side of India. Himself a pilot of great experience, he found the journey comfortable. His one doubt was that the sudden transition, with stops at diverse places, placed an undue strain on the stomach, because it entailed a rapidly varying diet, with a complete change of food between the two terminal ends of his journey. If my friend were not accustomed to flying in many different climates one might suppose it was the method of travelling, or the change of climate, that caused his trouble.

But he was quite sure it was simply the different food. Here is a new problem which will have to be investigated by medical dieteticians if fast world air travel is to become popular and it would be wise to investigate it in view of the transport of thousands of troops home by air on leave from Burma, and elsewhere. It is, of course, possible that only a small percentage of air travellers would be affected by very sudden change of food, but it seems likely that these could be aided by knowing what to eat and what to avoid eating until their digestive organs had readjusted themselves.

MEDICAL Aspect of Flying in Tropical Climates is Involved

Fortunately, this question of change of diet does not affect the aircrews who are operating within the Commands of the Far East and Pacific war area, for the air forces there, including the transport aircraft, are geographically zoned. But there is little doubt that the medical aspect of flying in tropical climates will receive more attention than it obtained before the war, due to the enormous strides that have been made in aviation, especially in the Burmese theatre of war, where from April 1, 1944, to March 31, 1945, transport aircraft delivered more than 550,000 tons of supplies. During the first three months of 1945 more than 250,000 tons lift was made by air ; 236,000 men were transported, and over 70,000 sick and wounded evacuated from battle areas. In March, alone, the rising effort in this theatre lifted 98,000 tons.

These figures of tonnage are not to be regarded as rivalling the lift of ships. They represent a shuttle service over stages of about 250 miles from base to advanced airfield, but fuel must be carried for the return journey, so that they are not comparable with commercial air transport journeys either. The difference between air lift and sea lift cannot be discussed on such short haul runs, for ships are capable of conveying large cargoes over long sea routes where aircraft making a similar passage would have to reduce cargo seriously to take on fuel for the flight. The fact is that sea and air transport are complementary, and most of the supplies run into Burma by air must first reach India by sea.

THE comparison is between what is now done in air lifts and what was formerly done. This cannot be compared with earlier military air transport lifts, because pre-war military air transport was on a puny scale. But I have turned up the ton mileage figure for Imperial Airways for 1938 and find it was 8,353,618 ton miles. Taking the Burmese campaign figure for the 12 months given in a previous paragraph, and for one way only (that is, the inward run to the battle area) the figure is 137,500,000 ton miles, or more than 16 times the lift of Imperial Airways for 1938. If one were to take the return lift into account, it is probable that the figure would rise to a ratio of 30 to one.

REMEMBER that Imperial Airways' ton mileage was flown on Empire-wide routes, from England to South Africa and Singapore, whereas the Burma battle lift was concentrated into one relatively small area ; then it becomes possible to visualize how big this air transport operation is. There is no doubt that the Burma counter-campaign, directed, as it was, with all the geographical factors favouring the Japanese, could not have been the success it has proved without the large-scale use of air transport. For it is characteristic of air transport more than of any other form of transport that it can swiftly overcome geographical handicaps which present otherwise impassable barriers.

In Burma air power was tactically employed to cut Japanese communications after the pattern used in Europe against the Germans. Surface communications in Burma are dependent upon bridges in many parts of the interior, and these were selected as a priority target. From December 27, 1944, to April 30, 1945, 124 bridges in Burma and Siam were destroyed by the Strategic Air Force 7th Bombardment Group. And as a counter to the breaking of Jap communication lines, the transport aircraft of the Allies flew narrow-gauge railway locomotives into Burma to aid the surface communications of the Allied armies.

IN the Japanese home zone the air war has been directed to secure complete air supremacy for the Allies by (1) elimination of the Japanese air forces (Navy and Army) and (2) the congestion of the industrial communications of Japanese industry. On March 27, 1945, the U.S. 21st Bomber Command began a sea-mining operation with Super-Fortress bombers flying from Tinian. Each aircraft dropped 10 tons of mines in one sortie. The plan was to seal up the entrances to the 240-miles long Inland Sea, whereon lie the large ports of Kobe and Osaka, and others of smaller size. Other mines were dropped in Tokyo and Nagoya harbours, by parachute, from below 10,000 feet. Twelve of these night operations had been completed by May 11. Seventy-five per cent of Japanese communications depend on her waterways, hence their importance.

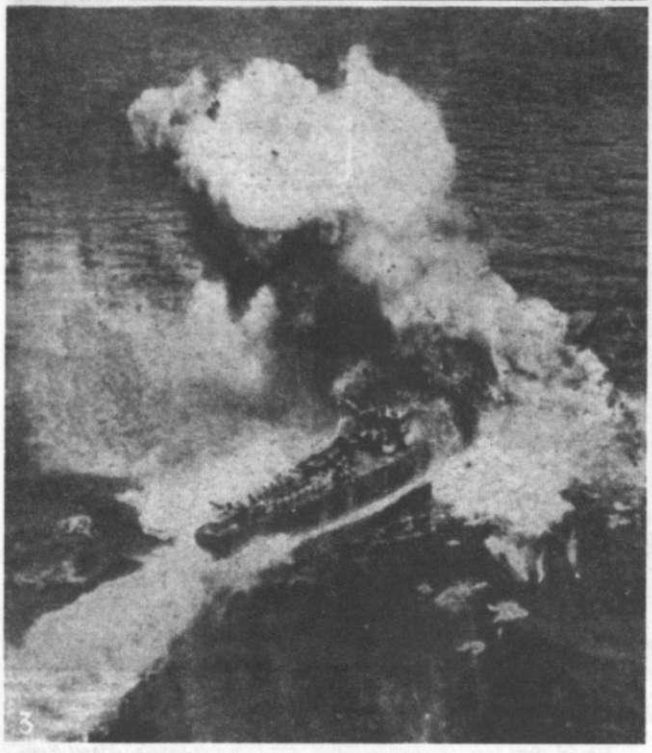
ON May 4, British carrier aircraft bombed airfields, flak positions and radio installations in the Sakishima group. The following night Super-Forts bombed airfields in South Japan three times, these raids making a total of 16 in eight days. On May 10, 400 Super-Forts, without loss, bombed Japanese navy and army main refuelling points near the Inland Sea, and at Oshima ; hit a large refinery ; and attacked airfields on Kyushu.

On May 11 between 100 and 150 Super-Forts bombed two airfields in Kyushu and the Kawanishi aircraft plant at Fukai on Honshu, the leading Japanese naval aircraft factory. Two days later 900 aircraft from carriers and a small force of Super-Forts attacked airfields and military installations on Kyushu ; Admiral Nimitz reported that 71 Japanese planes were destroyed in combat and over 100 on the ground, while many more were damaged. On May 13 more than 500 Super-Forts dropped 570,000 incendiary bombs on Nagoya, Japanese aircraft manufacturing centre ; the bomb load weighed 3,300 tons, and over 5,500 aircrews were engaged in the operation. This raid was estimated to have added another nine square miles of ruins to the five miles and a half burned out on two previous raids. Pacific strategy thus follows European methods.

HOME FROM GERMANY BY AIR, ex-prisoners of war cheered as they landed from an R.A.F. Lancaster at a Southern England aerodrome ; the journey normally takes from two to two-and-a-half hours. On May 13, 1945, No. 46 Group R.A.F. Transport Command brought 4,407 ex-prisoners to England from the Continent ; three days later the total since the service started on April 4 was announced as 95,000. **See also illus. p. 87.**
Photo, Barratts

ON May 9, R.A.F. Dakotas landed British forces at Kastrup airfield, Copenhagen, to take over from the Germans (see illus. page 74). The fighter escort did not land with the unarmed transports. On May 8 —V-day—Bomber Command Lancasters landed in Germany for the first time, to fly back relieved prisoners of war ; Juvincourt airfield, near Rheims, is a P.O.W. flight staging station whence about 5,000 fly daily to the U.K. after having been flown from Germany the day before. The U.S. Air Transport Command will fly combat troops from Europe to the U.S.A. in the next few months. A round-the-world R.A.F. Lancaster has made experimental flights over the Magnetic and Geographic North Poles to test radio and radar, compass and other navigational equipment.

Far East Air Force Shatters Japanese Targets

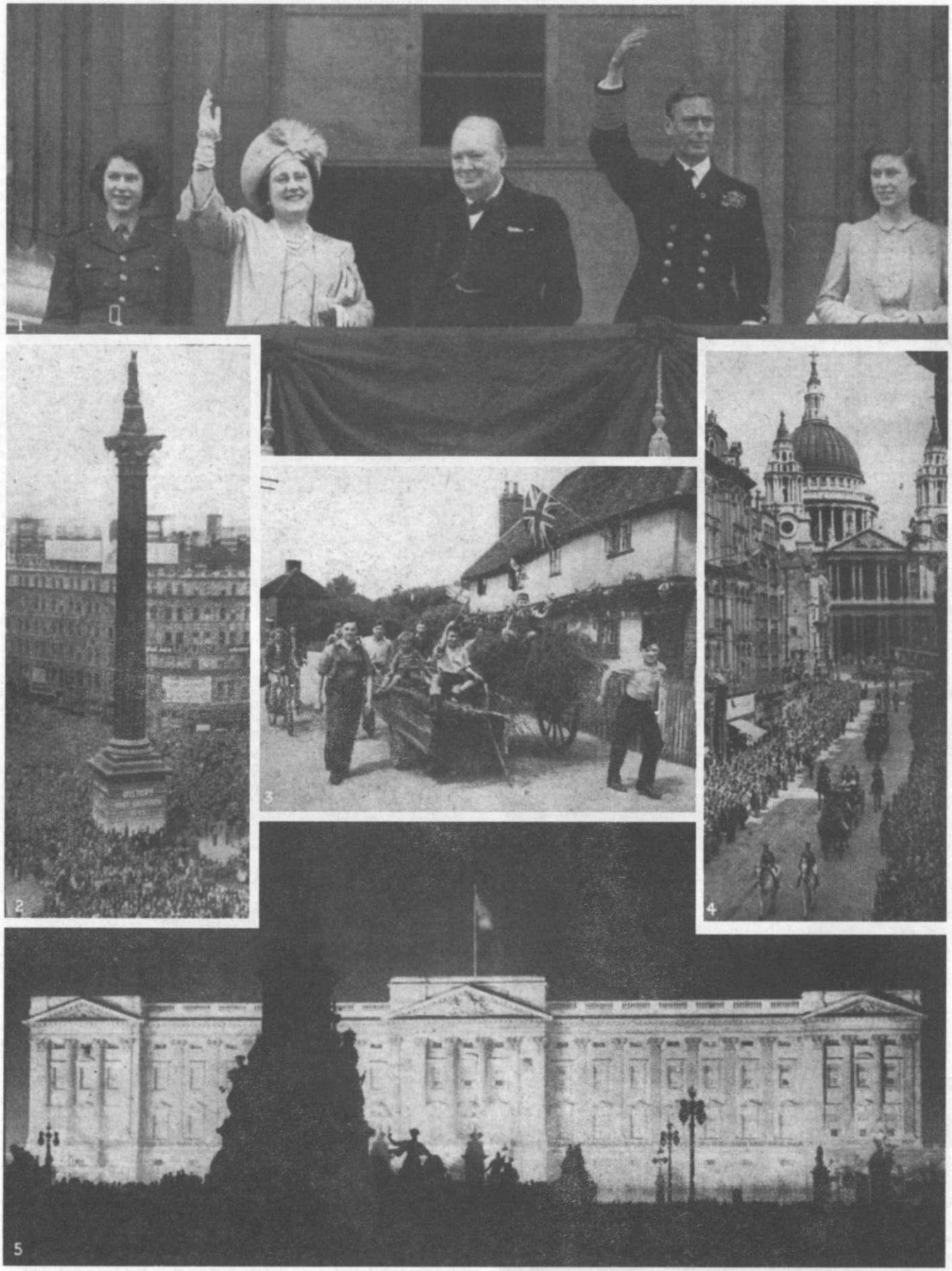


SAILING IN CONVOY, this Japanese vessel (1) was trying to reach Ormoc, main enemy port and base on western Leyte in the Philippines (which General MacArthur's men seized on Dec. 10, 1944), when a 3,000 h.p. B-25 of the U.S. Far East Air Force chose it for a target. During this engagement B-25s sank at least three transports and six escort ships, damaging others. In Ormoc Bay a B-25 roared in over an enemy destroyer (2), which was broken in two by hits amidships (3). The bombers were escorted by P-37s and P-38s, which shot down between 16 and 20 intercepting planes.

Following unconditional surrender in the West, a spectacular start was made to reduce Japan's war machine as Germany's had been dealt with. On May 13, 1945, over 500 Super-Fortresses, flying from the Marianas, dropped 570,000 incendiary bombs on Nagoya, biggest centre of Japan's aircraft industry, which was attacked again three days later and left blazing furiously.

Photos, New York Times Photos

Victory Day in London With Our Roving Camera



FROM THE BALCONY OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE their Majesties, accompanied by the Princesses and the Prime Minister (1), acknowledged the roar of the crowds on May 8, 1945. At night the Palace blazed with floodlighting (5). Trafalgar Square (2) was packed to hear the King's speech broadcast at 9 p.m. There were victory fires for miles around; at Eynsford, Kent, youngsters hauled fuel (3). The royal procession on Ludgate Hill after the Thanksgiving Service at St. Paul's (4) on May 13.

Photos, P.N.A., Fox, Sport & General, Planet News

Editor's Postscript

LONDON taxi-drivers are asking for alterations to the design of their cabs, some of which, it must be confessed, go back almost as far as my earliest motoring days when many pedestrians, when they saw a car go by, still looked for the man in front with the red flag. At a recent conference the drivers urged that in the ideal cab the doors should be narrower and lighter and the taxi have a standard non-fading colour and a more distinctive sign, an all-enclosed driver's cabin—and lots more. No one will grudge the London taxi-man his cramped comforts after five years of blacked-out streets and crippling petrol-control, but it is surely time that the taxi-users were allowed to state their side of the transaction. I for one would demand an immediate change in the size and angle of the "For Hire" flag. As things are, I defy anyone not of abnormal eyesight to ascertain by its flag at more than 30 yards whether a cab is plying for hire. The hours and energies I, with countless others, must have spent on London kerbs signalling in vain to taxis under the impression that they were disengaged—when all that was needed was a flag of discernible proportions, tilted in such a way as to preclude all doubts at a reasonable distance. Before he can ply in the metropolis a taxi-driver has to pass a stiff course in London topography. Does this apply only to London, I wonder? I ask this because an acquaintance, a commander in the R.N.R., just demobbed and set up as a taxi-owner in the country, has been telling me with undisguised amusement how by mistaking his route the other night he took an hour to drive a "fare" a distance of less than six miles. He blamed the "fare" for insufficiently directing him. I (I'm afraid) blamed the driver for faulty navigation. The old London cabbies' trick of taking passengers round-about ways in order to run up the fare has entirely lost its point owing to petrol shortage; but it may be renewed when ampler supply is available.

AN American building expert visiting this country declares that though Britain is making a "magnificent effort" to solve her housing problem she is "hampered by tradition" in the use of materials. Such a remark—if its author be correctly reported—betrays a shallow knowledge of the English countryside and of English country architecture. For the rural English builder, ever since he abandoned "wattle-and-daub" for stone, has never ceased to exploit to the full the local material, dug from nearby quarries, creating not only major and minor masterpieces of church and domestic architecture—from the simple dower-house to the ducal palace, the spireless parish-church to the lofty cathedral—but buildings which, whatever their dimensions, fit into the landscape as unobtrusively as a wild flower or an ancient oak. One thinks of the oolite limestone of the Cotswolds and Somerset, especially round Bath; of the Devon and Hereford sandstone; of the millstone-grit of Yorkshire; of the Cornish whinstone; and, farther north, of Aberdeen granite—all stealing into their surroundings like the hand to the glove, warm and kindly, and anything (thank heaven!) but prefabricated.

HOW many innocent babes are now destined to bear lifelong evidence of the times into which they were born, by being given the baptismal names of Montgomery, Alexander, or Eisenhower, or, perhaps, more subtly, names that fit the momentous initials V.E.? This sort of thing is liable to occur at the climax of every war. The years 1940 and 1941 provide a fairly excusable crop of little Winstons—not forgetting the real Winston's own grandson. I doubt if the 1918 news paragraph about a child called Armistice Brown was ever verified. But a schoolmaster once told me of six boys in his Form all with the initials D. H., for Douglas Haig. Another, called Verdun Smith, was in a higher Form, as befitted his seniority in chronological significance. Recently I heard a broadcast by an American jazz expert with the odd Christian name of Woody. This, I gathered, was short for Woodrow, which put a date to him at once. An older acquaintance once shyly confessed to me that the modest initials R. B., by which he invariably prefixed the surname in his own signature, stood for nothing less than Redvers Buller. General Sir Redvers Buller was the British commander in the field at the outbreak of the South African war. That fixed my man at 1899 or early 1900, for poor Buller was soon superseded, and somewhat ignominiously. People are usually more careful to avoid saddling a daughter with any name that may betray an age too exactly. Yet there must be many women, now aged either forty-eight or fifty-eight, who have long ago dropped from their signatures that tell-tale name of Victoria which would reveal them as the Jubilee babies of parents whose loyalty outran their discretion.

BEFORE the war one of the surest signs that the Silly Season was upon us—it was the newspaper man's name for that arid period, usually in the dog days, when fantastic stories of seaside monsters, practical jokes and the like were vamped up to provide news for holiday-makers—was the hardy annual that snuff-taking was once more becoming popular, not to say fashionable. There being no space for Silly Seasons for the past five years I take it that the story in my evening paper about the Snuff Revival is no Fleet Street fabrication but a matter of hard fact, especially when one considers that cigarettes and pipe-tobacco, to say nothing of cigars, now cost about twice-and-a-half what they cost in 1938. Snuff, being a by-product of tobacco, has increased in cost proportionately; quite ordinary blends, I am told, fetch as much as three-and-sixpence an ounce. In the old days this would have caused a revolution among craftsmen of most callings, especially among printers, the majority of whom kept a well-stocked snuff-box at the side of their type-cases. That was when you could buy an ounce for tuppence! Even to this day you will find snuff on the side-tables in many West-End clubs, where it is usually kept in a silver-mounted ram's horn known as a "mull." There used to be a particularly fine example in the Caledonian in St. James's Square, though I doubt whether many of even your true Caledonians patronize it nowadays, the perils and price of handkerchief laundering being what they are. Dr. Johnson himself in such circumstances would have needed all his philosophy.

Gen. DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER, Allied Supreme Commander in Western Europe, had every reason to smile as he left his London hotel, on May 15, 1945, during a brief Victory celebration in this country. On May 24 it was announced that the honorary freedom of the City of London, together with a sword of honour, was to be conferred on him.

Photo, Topical Press

IN the days of my youth we called it a Debating Society, usually prefaced with the words "Literary and ——." Today they call it a Discussion Group, and it would be easy to add "a distinction without a difference." But there is a difference, a big difference, between the starchy-collared Victorian debating society and its modern counterpart; it lies chiefly, I think, with the subject-matter for discussion. Nowadays all sorts of subjects are aired and threshed out by young discussion groups which could scarcely have been whispered in the old days. I listened to only a few of the recent B.B.C. discussion-group series "To Start You Talking," but fortunately they included the last one on Sex; which I don't hesitate to describe as one of the frankest and most spontaneous broadcasts I have ever heard, though what the black-mitten gentry thought about it I shudder to think. The scripts of this series, introduced by Charles Madge, have now been published by the Pilot Press, with a most enlightening section by Inez Madge on how listening groups reacted to them. The speakers, all of them under eighteen and chosen from all over the country, were given *carte-blanche* as to the expression of their opinions. The result is a book of printed broadcast material unique in history—in other words, it makes as stimulating reading as it made listening. For discussion groups just starting let me recommend What Do You Think?, a shilling pamphlet issued by the National Council of Social Service and crammed with highly practical hints on how to organize discussions on such subjects as Good Neighbours, Good Health, A Living Wage.

WAR stimulates invention to such an extent that nothing appears to be beyond the power of science to achieve. Astonishing claims are being made for discoveries and inventions that would, if they were ever to survive the newspaper stage, alter completely our whole lives. From New York comes a method of producing electricity without dynamos, engines or machinery of any kind, and the American Physical Society seems to think there is something in it. In France, a prominent figure in the field of Scientific Research thinks he can do away with electricity, as well as gas and petrol, by making atoms provide us with light and heat. Then I read in an American scientific magazine a forecast of the family aircraft of the future, which will require no engine but be operated by "beam," and will be controlled merely by pushing buttons instead of using what pilots call the joy-stick for steering and going up or down. All such reports I read with the same caution as that with which I used to regard some announcements of cures for this, that and the other disease, which were at one time frequent in the Press.

This Was the Prime Minister's Finest Hour

LONDON "MOBBED" OUR GREAT WAR LEADER on the afternoon of May 8, 1945, when, after broadcasting at 3 p.m. the news of Germany's unconditional surrender, Mr. Churchill passed through tumultuous crowds from Downing Street to the House of Commons, there to make to Parliament the formal announcement of Victory in Europe. Having done so, he moved that the House—following the precedent at the end of the First Great War—should proceed to St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, for a thanksgiving service. *Photo, Sport & General*

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